HANDBOOK

OF

FAMILIAR QUOTATIONS

CHIEFLY FROM

ENGLISH AUTHORS.

"I am but a gatherer and disposer of other men's stuff."
WOTTON.

A NEW EDITION, WITH AN INDEX.

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AND CHARING CROSS.

TO HER

WHO IN ALL THE TRIALS OF LIFE

HAS BEEN MY UNFAILING SUPPORT, MY MOTIVE FOR

EVERY EXERTION,

My Mother,

THIS LITTLE WORK IS, WITH DEEP AFFECTION,

DEDICATED BY

I. R. P.

PREFACE.

THIS Collection was originally intended for the amusement of a family-circle, without any idea of publication. It was only when the Compiler found how many well-read persons were unable to name the author of even the most familiar passage that it occurred to her to supply, by a work of reference, what appeared to be a desideratum in our literature, and to restore to the temples of Poetry the many beautiful fragments which have been stolen from them, and built into the heavy walls of Prose.

No intelligent reader who has ever reflected upon the subject can have failed to perceive at once under what lasting obligations the prose-writers of the country have been laid by its poets. The bold flights of imagination, the volumes of wisdom compressed into a phrase—all the bright things, indeed, with which, as with stars and constellations, the compilers of prose illuminate their pages, are often but loans derived from verse: even the stern gentlemen of the Statistical Society have occasionally been known to quote.

It is, then, a fitting, as it has been a grateful task, to award to those pure and thoughtful spirits who have forged new links in the great chain of ideas, or given to old ideas new and happier forms of expression, their due meed of praise, by endeavouring to ascertain the exact contributions which each has made to the "Household words" of England.

This work has no doubt been imperfectly executed, since the same quotations cannot possibly be familiar to all; and the difficulty of selection has been considerable. It is sent forth, however, in the hope that, though incomplete, it may yet be useful and amusing. Should it be favourably received, endeavours will be made to enlarge the Collection, and to render it more deserving of the approbation of the public.

Southwick Place, Hyde Park,
Jan. 1853.

FAMILIAR QUOTATIONS.

Holy Scriptures.

OLD TESTAMENT.

GENESIS ii. 18.

IT is not good that man should be alone.

GENESIS viii. 9.

But the dove found no rest for the sole of her foot, and she returned unto him into the ark.

GENESIS ix. 6.

Whoso sheddeth man's blood, by man shall his blood be shed.

GENESIS xiii. 17.

Arise, walk through the land in the length of it and in the breadth of it; for I will give it unto thee.

GENESIS xvi. 12.

And he will be a wild man; his hand will be against every man, and every man's hand against him; and he shall dwell in the presence of all his brethren.

GENESIS xlii. 12.

And he said unto them, Nay, but to see the nakedness of the land are ye come.

GENESIS xlii. 38.

If mischief befall him by the way in the which ye go, then shall ye bring down my grey hairs with sorrow to the grave.

GENESIS xlix. 4.

Unstable as water, thou shalt not excel.

NUMBERS xxxiii. 55.

Those which ye let remain of them shall be pricks in your eyes, and thorns in your sides, and shall vex you in the land wherein ye dwell.

DEUTERONOMY xxxii. 10.

He instructed him, he kept him as the apple of his eye.

JUDGES xvi. 9.

The Philistines be upon thee, Samson.

RUTH i. 16.

And Ruth said, Intreat me not to leave thee, *or* to return from following after thee: for whither thou goest, I will go; and where thou lodgest, I will lodge: thy people shall be my people, and thy God my God.

1 SAMUEL xxvi. 21.

Behold, I have played the fool, and have erred exceedingly.

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2 SAMUEL i. 20.

Tell it not in Gath; publish it not in the streets of Askelon.

---

2 SAMUEL i. 23.

Saul and Jonathan were lovely and pleasant in their lives, and in their death they were not divided.

---

2 SAMUEL i. 25.

How are the mighty fallen in the midst of the battle!

---

2 SAMUEL i. 26.

Thy love to me was wonderful, passing the love of women.

---

2 SAMUEL x. 12.

Be of good courage.

---

2 SAMUEL xii. 7.

And Nathan said to David, Thou art the man.

---

1 KINGS xviii. 21.

How long halt ye between two opinions?

---

1 KINGS xviii. 44.

Behold, there ariseth a little cloud out of the sea, like a man's hand.

1 Kings xix. 12.

A still small voice.

---

2 Kings iv. 40.

There is death in the pot.

Esther vi. 6.

What shall be done unto the man whom the king delighteth to honour?

Job v. 7.

Yet man is born unto trouble, as the sparks fly upward.

Job xxviii. 18.

The price of wisdom is above rubies.

Job xxxi. 35.

That mine adversary had written a book.

Job xxxviii. 11.

Hitherto shalt thou come, but no further: and here shall thy proud waves be stayed.

Psalm ii. 11.

Serve the Lord with fear, and rejoice with trembling.

Psalm xvi. 6.

The lines are fallen unto me in pleasant places.

PSALM xviii. 10.

Yea, he did fly upon the wings of the wind

PSALM lv. 6

And I said, Oh that I had wings like a dove! for then would I fly away, and be at rest.

PSALM lviii 4, 5.

They are like the deaf adder that stoppeth her ear, which will not hearken to the voice of charmers, charming never so wisely.

PSALM lxxii 9

His enemies shall lick the dust

PSALM xc 8

Thou hast set our iniquities before thee, our secret sins in the light of thy countenance

---

PSALM xc 9.

We spend our years as a tale that is told

PSALM cvii. 27.

They reel to and fro, and stagger like a drunken man, and are at their wit's end.

PSALM cxxxvii 5.

If I forget thee, O Jerusalem, let my right hand forget her cunning.

PSALM cxxxix. 14.

I will praise thee; for I am fearfully and wonderfully made.

PROVERBS xi. 14.

In the multitude of counsellors there is safety.

PROVERBS xiii. 12.

Hope deferred maketh the heart sick; but when the desire cometh, it is as a tree of life.

PROVERBS xiv. 10.

The heart knoweth his own bitterness, and a stranger doth not intermeddle with his joy.

PROVERBS xv. 1.

A soft answer turneth away wrath; but grievous words stir up anger.

PROVERBS xv. 17.

Better *is* a dinner of herbs where love is, than a stalled ox and hatred therewith.

PROVERBS xvi. 18.

Pride goeth before destruction, and a haughty spirit before a fall.

PROVERBS xviii. 14.

A wounded spirit who can bear?

PROVERBS xxii. 6.

Train up a child in the way he should go; and when he is old he will not depart from it.

PROVERBS xxiii. 5.

For riches certainly make themselves wings; they fly away as an eagle toward heaven.

PROVERBS xxvii. 1.

Boast not thyself of to-morrow; for thou knowest not what a day may bring forth.

ECCLESIASTES i. 9.

There is no new thing under the sun.

ECCLESIASTES i. 14.

I have seen all the works that are done under the sun; and, behold, all is vanity and vexation of spirit.

ECCLESIASTES vii. 16.

Be not righteous overmuch.

ECCLESIASTES ix. 4.

For a living dog is better than a dead lion.

ECCLESIASTES ix. 10.

Whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, do it with thy might.

ECCLESIASTES ix. 11.

The race is not to the swift, nor the battle to the strong, neither yet bread to the wise, nor yet riches to men of understanding, nor yet favour to men of skill; but time and chance happeneth to them all.

ECCLESIASTES xii. 5.

Man goeth to his long home.

ECCLESIASTES xii. 8.

Vanity of vanities, saith the preacher; all is vanity.

ISAIAH xxxviii. 1.

Set thine house in order: for thou shalt die, and not live.

ISAIAH xl. 15.

Behold the nations are as a drop of a bucket, and are counted as the small dust of the balance.

ISAIAH l. 4.

The Lord God hath given me the tongue of the learned, that I should know how to speak a word in season to him that is weary.

ISAIAH li. 17.

Thou hast drunken the dregs of the cup of trembling, and wrung them out.

JEREMIAH vii. 3.

Amend your ways and your doings, and I will cause you to live in this place.

—

JEREMIAH viii. 22.

Is there no balm in Gilead; is there no physician there?

—

JEREMIAH xi. 19.

But I was like a lamb, or an ox that is brought to the slaughter.

—

JEREMIAH xiii. 23.

Can the Ethiopian change his skin, or the leopard his spots? then may ye also do good, that are accustomed to do evil.

—

DANIEL v. 27.

Thou art weighed in the balances, and art found wanting.

—

DANIEL vi. 12.

The thing is true, according to the law of the Medes and Persians, which altereth not.

—

HOSEA viii. 7.

For they have sown the wind, and they shall reap the whirlwind.

—

HABAKKUK ii. 2.

And the Lord answered me, and said, Write the vision, and make it plain upon the tables, that he may run that readeth it.

MALACHI iv. 2.

But unto you that fear my name shall the Sun righteousness arise with healing in his wings.

ECCLESIASTICUS xiii. 1.

He that toucheth pitch shall be defiled therewith.

ECCLESIASTICUS xiii. 7.

He will laugh thee to scorn.

COMMON PRAYER.

PSALM cv. 18.

The iron entered into his soul.

COLLECT FOR THE SECOND SUNDAY IN ADVENT.

Read, mark, learn, and inwardly digest.

THE BURIAL SERVICE.

In the midst of life we are in death.

TATE AND BRADY.—PSALM xv. 5.

And though he promise to his loss,
He makes his promise good.

NEW TESTAMENT.

MATTHEW v. 13.

Ye are the salt of the earth: but if the salt have lost his savour, wherewith shall it be salted?

MATTHEW vi. 3.

But when thou doest alms, let not thy left hand know what thy right hand doeth.

MATTHEW vi. 21.

For where your treasure is, there will your heart be also.

MATTHEW vi. 24.

Ye cannot serve God and mammon.

MATTHEW vi. 28.

And why take ye thought for raiment? Consider the lilies of the field, how they grow; they toil not, neither do they spin.

MATTHEW vi. 34.

Take therefore no thought for the morrow; for the morrow shall take thought for the things of itself. Sufficient unto the day is the evil thereof.

MATTHEW vii. 6.

Neither cast ye your pearls before swine.

—

MATTHEW xii. 33.

The tree is known by his fruit.

—

MATTHEW xii. 34.

For out of the abundance of the heart the mouth speaketh

—

MATTHEW xiii. 57.

A prophet is not without honour, save in his own country, and in his own house.

—

MATTHEW xv. 14.

And if the blind lead the blind, both shall fall into the ditch.

—

MATTHEW xvi. 23.

Get thee behind me, Satan.

—

MATTHEW xix. 24.

It is easier for a camel to go through the eye of a needle, than for a rich man to enter into the kingdom of God.

—

MATTHEW xx. 15.

Is it not lawful for me to do what I will with mine own?

MATTHEW xxii. 14.

For many are called, but few are chosen.

MATTHEW xxiii. 24.

Ye blind guides, which strain at a gnat, and swallow a camel.

MATTHEW xxiv. 28.

For wheresoever the carcase is, there will the eagles be gathered together.

MATTHEW xxvi. 41.

Watch and pray, that ye enter not into temptation: the spirit indeed is willing, but the flesh is weak.

MARK iv. 9.

He that hath ears to hear, let him hear.

MARK v. 9.

My name is Legion.

MARK ix. 44.

Where their worm dieth not.

LUKE iii. 9.

And now also the axe is laid unto the root of the trees.

LUKE iv. 23.

Physician, heal thyself.

LUKE x. 42.

But one thing is needful: and Mary hath chosen that good thing which shall not be taken away from her.

—

LUKE xi. 23.

He that is not with me is against me.

LUKE xii. 19.

And I will say to my soul, Soul, thou hast much goods laid up for many years; take thine ease, eat, drink, and be merry.

—

LUKE xvi. 8.

For the children of this world are in their generation wiser than the children of light.

—

LUKE xvii. 2.

It were better for him that a millstone were hanged about his neck.

—

LUKE xix. 23.

Out of thine own mouth will I judge thee.

—

THE ACTS xxvi. 14.

It is hard for thee to kick against the pricks.

ROMANS viii. 28.

And we know that all things work together for good to them that love God.

ROMANS xii. 16.

Be not wise in your own conceits.

ROMANS xii. 20.

Therefore if thine enemy hunger, feed him; if he thirst, give him drink: for in so doing thou shalt heap coals of fire on his head.

ROMANS xiii. 1.

The powers that be are ordained of God.

ROMANS xiii. 7.

Render therefore to all their dues: tribute to whom tribute is due; custom to whom custom; fear to whom fear; honour to whom honour.

ROMANS xiv. 5.

Let every man be fully persuaded in his own mind.

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1 CORINTHIANS v. 3.

Absent in body, but present in spirit.

---

1 CORINTHIANS v. 6.

Know ye not that a little leaven leaveneth the whole lump?

1 Corinthians vii. 31.

And they that use this world as not abusing it: the fashion of this world passeth away.

—

1 Corinthians ix. 22.

I am made all things to all men.

1 Corinthians x. 12.

Wherefore let him that thinketh he standeth take heed lest he fall.

—

1 Corinthians xiii. 12.

For now we see through a glass darkly.

—.

1 Corinthians xv. 33.

Be not deceived: evil communications corrupt good manners.

—

1 Corinthians xv. 47.

The first man is of the earth, earthy.

—

2 Corinthians vi. 8.

By evil report and good report.

Ephesians iv. 26.

Be ye angry, and sin not: let not the sun go down upon your wrath.

1 THESSALONIANS i. 3.

Remembering without ceasing your work of faith, and labour of love.

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1 THESSALONIANS v. 21.

Prove all things; hold fast that which is good.

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1 TIMOTHY iii. 3.

Not greedy of filthy lucre.

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1 TIMOTHY v. 18.

The labourer is worthy of his reward.

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1 TIMOTHY vi. 10.

For the love of money is the root of all evil.

---

2 TIMOTHY iv. 7.

I have fought a good fight, I have finished my course, I have kept the faith.

EPISTLE TO TITUS i. 15.

Unto the pure, all things are pure.

HEBREWS xii. 6.

For whom the Lord loveth he chasteneth.

EPISTLE OF JAMES iii. 5.

Behold, how great a matter a little fire kindleth.

1 Peter iv. 8.

Charity shall cover the multitude of sins.

2 Peter iii. 10.

But the day of the Lord will come as a thief in the night.

—

1st Epistle of John iv. 18.

There is no fear in love; but perfect love casteth out fear: because fear hath torment.

Revelations i. 8.

I am Alpha and Omega, the beginning and the ending, saith the Lord.

—

Revelations ii. 10.

Be thou faithful unto death.

—

Revelations ii. 27.

He shall rule them with a rod of iron.

SHAKESPEARE.

TEMPEST.

Act i. Sc. 2.

There's nothing ill can dwell in such a temple:
If the ill spirit have so fair a house,
Good things will strive to dwell with't.

Act i. Sc. 2.

I will be correspondent to command,
And do my spiriting gently.

Act ii. Sc. 2.

Misery acquaints a man with strange bedfellows.

Act iv. Sc. 1.

Our revels now are ended: these our actors,
As I foretold you, were all spirits, and
Are melted into air, into thin air:
And, like the baseless fabric of this vision,
The cloud-capp'd towers, the gorgeous palaces,
The solemn temples, the great globe itself,
Yea, all that it inherit, shall dissolve,
And, like an insubstantial pageant faded,
Leave not a rack behind.

Tempest—*continued.*

Act iv. Sc. 1.

We are such stuff
As dreams are made of, and our little life
Is rounded with a sleep.

TWO GENTLEMEN OF VERONA.

Act i. Sc. 2.

I have no other but a woman's reason;
I think him so, because I think him so.

Act iv. Sc. 1.

Are you content to be our general?
To make a virtue of necessity,
And live, as we do, in this wilderness?

Act iv. Sc. 4.

Is she not passing fair?

MERRY WIVES OF WINDSOR.

Act ii. Sc. 1.

'Faith, thou hast some crotchets in thy head now.

Act ii. Sc. 2.

Why, then the world 's mine oyster,
Which I with sword will open.

Act v. Sc. 1.

They say there is divinity in odd numbers, either in nativity, chance, or death.

TWELFTH NIGHT.

Act i. Sc. 1.

If music be the food of love, play on,
Give me excess of it; that, surfeiting,
The appetite may sicken, and so die.—
That strain again;—it had a dying fall:
O, it came o'er my ear like the sweet south,
That breathes upon a bank of violets,
Stealing and giving odour.

Act i. Sc. 3.

I am sure care's an enemy to life.

Act i. Sc. 5.

'Tis beauty truly blent, whose red and white
Nature's own sweet and cunning hand laid on.

Act ii. Sc. 3.

Dost thou think, because thou art virtuous, there shall be no more cakes and ale?

Act ii. Sc. 4.

Let still the woman take
An elder than herself; so wears she to him,
So sways she level in her husband's heart.
For, boy, however we do praise ourselves,
Our fancies are more giddy and unfirm,
More longing, wavering, sooner lost and worn,
Than women's are.

Twelfth Night—*continued.*

Act ii. Sc. 4.

She never told her love,
But let concealment, like a worm i' the bud,
Feed on her damask cheek: she pined in thought,
And with a green and yellow melancholy,
She sat, like Patience on a monument,
Smiling at grief.

Act iii. Sc. 1.

O, what a deal of scorn looks beautiful
In the contempt and anger of his lip!

Act iii. Sc. 1.

Love sought is good, but given unsought is better.

Act iii. Sc. 2.

Let there be gall enough in thy ink; though thou write with a goose-pen, no matter.

Act iii. Sc. 4.

Some are born great, some achieve greatness, and some have greatness thrust upon them.

MEASURE FOR MEASURE.

Act i. Sc. 1.

Spirits are not finely touch'd,
But to fine issues.

Act i. Sc. 5.

A man, whose blood
Is very snow-broth.

Measure for Measure—*continued.*

Act i. Sc. 5.

Our doubts are traitors,
And make us lose the good we oft might win,
By fearing to attempt.

Act ii. Sc. 2.

O, it is excellent
To have a giant's strength; but it is tyrannous
To use it like a giant.

Act ii. Sc. 2.

But man, proud man!
Dress'd in a little brief authority,
Most ignorant of what he's most assur'd,
His glassy essence—like an angry ape,
Plays such fantastic tricks before high heaven
As make the angels weep.

Act ii. Sc. 1.

Wrench awe from fools, and tie the wiser souls
To thy false seeming.

Act iii. Sc. 1.

The miserable have no other medicine,
But only hope.

Act iii. Sc. 1.

Reason thus with life,—
———A breath thou art,
(Servile to all the skiey influences,)
That dost this habitation, where thou keep'st,
Hourly afflict.

Measure for Measure—*continued.*

Act iii. Sc. 1.

The sense of death is most in apprehension ;
And the poor beetle that we tread upon
In corporal sufferance finds a pang as great
As when a giant dies.

Act iii. Sc. 1.

Ay, but to die, and go we know not where ;
To lie in cold obstruction, and to rot.

Act iii. Sc. 1.

The weariest and most loathed worldly life,
That age, ache, penury, and imprisonment
Can lay on nature, is a paradise
To what we fear of death.

MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING.

Act ii. Sc. 1.

Friendship is constant in all other things,
Save in the office and affairs of love.
Therefore, all hearts in love use their own tongues ;
Let every eye negociate for itself,
And trust no other agent.

Act ii. Sc. 1.

Silence is the perfectest herald of joy : I were but little happy, if I could say how much.

Much Ado about Nothing—*continued.*

Act ii. Sc. 3.

When I said I should die a bachelor, I did not think I should live till I were married.

Act iii. Sc. 1.

Some Cupid kills with arrows, some with traps.

Act iii. Sc. 2.

Every one can master a grief, but he that hath it.

Act iii. Sc. 3.

Are you good men and true?

Act iv. Sc. 1.

For it so falls out
That what we have we prize not to the worth
Whiles we enjoy it; but being lack'd and lost,
Why then we rack the value; then we find
The virtue that possession would not show us
Whiles it was ours.

Act iv. Sc. 2.

O that he were here to write me down—an ass!

Act v. Sc. 1.

For there was never yet philosopher
That could endure the toothache patiently.

MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM.

Act i. Sc. 1.

But earthly happier is the rose distill'd
Than that which, withering on the virgin thorn,
Grows, lives, and dies in single blessedness.

Act i. Sc. 1.

Ah me! for aught that ever I could read,
Could ever hear by tale or history,
The course of true love never did run smooth.

Act i. Sc. 1.

Love looks not with the eyes, but with the mind;
And therefore is wing'd Cupid painted blind.

Act ii. Sc. 2.

In maiden meditation, fancy-free.

Act ii. Sc. 2.

I know a bank whereon the wild thyme blows,
Where ox-lips and the nodding violet grows.

Act iii. Sc. 2.

So we grew together,
Like to a double cherry, seeming parted.

Midsummer Night's Dream—*continued.*

Act v. Sc. 1.

The poet's eye, in a fine frenzy rolling,
Doth glance from heaven to earth, from earth to heaven,
And as imagination bodies forth
The form of things unknown, the poet's pen
Turns them to shape, and gives to airy nothing
A local habitation and a name.

LOVE'S LABOUR 'S LOST.

Act ii. Sc. 1.

A merrier man,
Within the limit of becoming mirth,
I never spent an hour's talk withal.

Act v. Sc. 1.

He draweth the thread of his verbosity finer than the staple of his argument.

Act v. Sc. 1.

They have been at a great feast of the languages, and stolen the scraps.

Act v. Sc. 2.

A jest's prosperity lies in the ear
Of him that hears it, never in the tongue
Of him that makes it.

MERCHANT OF VENICE.

Act i. Sc. 1.

I hold the world but as the world, Gratiano;
A stage, where every man must play a part,
And mine a sad one.

Act i. Sc. 1.

Why should a man, whose blood is warm within,
Sit like his grandsire cut in alabaster?

Act i. Sc. 1.

I am Sir Oracle,
And when I ope my lips let no dog bark!

Act i. Sc. 1.

Gratiano speaks an infinite deal of nothing: his reasons are as two grains of wheat hid in two bushels of chaff; you shall seek all day ere you find them; and, when you have them, they are not worth the search.

Act i. Sc. 3.

The devil can cite Scripture for his purpose.

Act i. Sc. 3.

Sufferance is the badge of our tribe.

Act i. Sc. 3.

Many a time, and oft,
On the Rialto, have you rated me.

Act ii. Sc. 2.

It is a wise father that knows his own child.

Merchant of Venice—*continued.*

Act ii. Sc. 6.

All things that are,
Are with more spirit chased than enjoy'd.

Act ii. Sc. 7.

All that glisters is not gold.

Act iii. Sc. 5.

Thus, when I shun Scylla, your father, I fall into Charybdis, your mother.*

Act iv. Sc. 1.

What! wouldst thou have a serpent sting thee twice?

Act iv. Sc. 1.

The quality of mercy is not strain'd;
It droppeth, as the gentle rain from heaven
Upon the place beneath: it is twice bless'd;
It blesseth him that gives, and him that takes:
'Tis mightiest in the mightiest; it becomes
The throned monarch better than his crown.

* Originally from the Alexandreis of Philippe Gualtier, who was born at the end of the twelfth century. In the fifth book of his heroic poem, Darius (who, escaping from Alexander, fell into the hands of Bessus) is thus apostrophised:—

" Nactus equum Darius, rorantia cæde suorum
Retrogrado fugit arva gradu. Quo tendis inertem
Rex periture fugam? nescis, heu! perdite, nescis
Quem fugias, hostes incurris dum fugis hostem:
Incidis in Scyllam, cupiens vitare Charibdim."

See Stevens' note on the above.

Merchant of Venice—*continued.*

Act v. Sc. 1.

I am never merry when I hear sweet music.

Act v. Sc. 1.

How sweet the moonlight sleeps upon this bank!
Here will we sit, and let the sounds of music
Creep in our ears.

Act v. Sc. 1.

The man that hath no music in himself,
Nor is not mov'd with concord of sweet sounds,
Is fit for treasons, stratagems, and spoils.

Act v. Sc. 1.

How far that little candle throws his beams!
So shines a good deed in a naughty world.

AS YOU LIKE IT.

Act i. Sc. 2.

Well said; that was laid on with a trowel.

Act i. Sc. 2.

Wear this for me,—one out of suits with fortune,
That could give more but that her hand lacks means.

Act i. Sc. 2.

My pride fell with my fortunes.

As You Like It—*continued.*

Act i. Sc. 3.

Cel. Not a word?
Ros. Not one to throw at a dog.

Act i. Sc. 3.

Oh, how full of briers is this working-day world!

Act ii. Sc. 1.

Sweet are the uses of adversity,
Which, like the toad, ugly and venomous,
Wears yet a precious jewel in his head.

Act ii. Sc. 1.

And this our life, exempt from public haunts,
Finds tongues in trees, books in the running brooks,
Sermons in stones, and good in everything.

Act ii. Sc. 1.

"Poor deer," quoth he, "thou mak'st a testament
As worldlings do, giving thy sum of more
To that which had too much."

Act ii. Sc. 3.

And He that doth the ravens feed,
Yea, providently caters for the sparrow,
Be comfort to my age!

Act ii. Sc. 3.

For in my youth I never did apply
Hot and rebellious liquors to my blood.

As You Like It—*continued.*

Act ii. Sc. 3.

Therefore my age is as a lusty winter,
Frosty but kindly.

Act ii. Sc. 7.

And rail'd on lady Fortune in good terms,
In good set terms.

Act ii. Sc. 7.

And looking on it with lack-lustre eye.

Act ii. Sc. 7.

And so from hour to hour we ripe and ripe,
And then from hour to hour we rot and rot,
And thereby hangs a tale.

Act ii. Sc. 7.

If ladies be but young and fair,
They have the gift to know it.

Act ii. Sc. 7.

I must have liberty
Withal, as large a charter as the wind,
To blow on whom I please.

Act ii. Sc. 7.

The *why* is plain as way to parish church.

Act ii. Sc. 7.

All the world 's a stage,
And all the men and women merely players.
They have their exits and their entrances,
And one man in his time plays many parts.

As You Like It—*continued.*

Act ii. Sc. 7.

And then, the lover,
Sighing like furnace, with a woeful ballad
Made to his mistress' eyebrow.

Act ii. Sc. 7.

Sudden and quick in quarrel,
Seeking the bubble reputation
Even in the cannon's mouth.

Act ii. Sc. 7.

Full of wise saws and modern instances.

Act ii. Sc. 7.

Last scene of all,
That ends this strange, eventful history,
Is second childishness and mere oblivion.

Act ii. Sc. 7.

Blow, blow, thou winter wind,
Thou art not so unkind
As man's ingratitude.

Act iii. Sc. 2.

Hast any philosophy in thee, shepherd?

Act iii. Sc. 3.

Truly, I would the gods had made thee poetical.

Act iv. Sc. 1.

I had rather have a fool to make me merry, than experience to make me sad.

As You Like It—*continued.*

Act iv. Sc. 1.

Men have died from time to time, and worms have eaten them, but not for love.

Act iv. Sc. 3.

Pacing through the forest,
Chewing the food of sweet and bitter fancy.

Act v. Sc. 2.

How bitter a thing it is to look into happiness through another man's eyes!

Act v. Sc. 4.

Your If is the only peace-maker, much virtue in If.

TAMING OF THE SHREW.

Act iv. Sc. 1.

And thereby hangs a tale.

WINTER'S TALE.

Act iv. Sc. 2.

A merry heart goes all the day,
Your sad tires in a mile-a.

Winter's Tale—*continued.*

Act iv. Sc. 3.

Daffodils,
That come before the swallow dares, and take
The winds of March with beauty; violets, dim,
But sweeter than the lids of Juno's eyes,
Or Cytherea's breath.

Act iv. Sc. 3.

When you do dance, I wish you
A wave o' the sea, that you might ever do
Nothing but that.

ALL'S WELL THAT ENDS WELL.

Act i. Sc. 1.

It were all one,
That I should love a bright particular star,
And think to wed it, he is so above me.

Act iv. Sc. 3.

The web of our life is of a mingled yarn, good and ill together: our virtues would be proud, if our faults whipp'd them not; and our crimes would despair, if they were not cherish'd by our virtues.

Act v. Sc. 3

Praising what is lost,
Makes the remembrance dear.

All 's Well that Ends Well—*continued.*

Act v. Sc. 3.

Let 's take the instant by the forward top;
For we are old, and on our quick'st decrees
The inaudible and noiseless foot of Time
Steals ere we can effect them.

COMEDY OF ERRORS.

Act ii. Sc. 1.

A wretched soul, bruis'd with adversity,
We bid be quiet, when we hear it cry;
But were we burden'd with like weight of pain,
As much, or more, should we ourselves complain.

Act v. Sc. 1.

They brought one Pinch, a hungry lean-fac'd villain,
A mere anatomy.

MACBETH.

Act i. Sc. 1.

When shall we three meet again,
In thunder, lightning, or in rain?

Act i. Sc. 3.

The earth hath bubbles, as the water has,
And these are of them.

Macbeth—*continued.*

Act i. Sc. 3.

Present fears
Are less than horrible imaginings.

Act i. Sc. 3.

Come what come may,
Time and the hour runs through the roughest day.

Act i. Sc. 4.

Nothing in his life
Became him like the leaving it.

Act i. Sc. 4.

There is no art
To find the mind's construction in the face.

Act i. Sc. 5.

Yet do I fear thy nature;
It is too full o' the milk of human kindness
To catch the nearest way.

Act i. Sc. 5.

What thou wouldst highly,
That wouldst thou holily; wouldst not play false,
And yet would'st wrongly win.

Act i. Sc. 5.

Make thick my blood,
Stop up the access and passage to remorse;
That no compunctious visitings of nature
Shake my fell purpose.

Macbeth—*continued.*

Act i. Sc. 5.

Your face, my thane, is as a book, where men
May read strange matters.

Act i. Sc. 7.

If it were done, when 'tis done, then 't were well
It were done quickly.

Act i. Sc. 7.

That but this blow
Might be the be-all and the end-all here.

Act i. Sc. 7.

This even-handed justice
Commends the ingredients of our poison'd chalice
To our own lips.

Act i. Sc. 7.

Besides, this Duncan
Hath borne his faculties so meek, hath been
So clear in his high office, that his virtues
Will plead like angels, trumpet-tongued, against
The deep damnation of his taking off.

Act i. Sc. 7.

I have no spur
To prick the sides of my intent, but only
Vaulting ambition, which o'erleaps itself,
And falls on the other side.

Act i. Sc. 7.

I have bought
Golden opinions from all sorts of people.

Macbeth—*continued*

Act i. Sc. 7.

Wouldst thou have that
Which thou esteem'st the ornament of life,
And live a coward in thine own esteem,
Letting I dare not wait upon I would,
Like the poor cat i' the adage?

Act i Sc 7

Prithee, peace
I dare do all that may become a man;
Who dares do more is none.

Act i Sc 7.

Mac. If we should fail,—
Lady M. We fail.
But screw your courage to the sticking-place,
And we 'll not fail.

Act ii. Sc 1.

Shut up
In measureless content.

Act ii Sc 1

Thou sure and firm-set earth,
Hear not my steps, which way they walk, for fear
Thy very stones prate of my whereabout.

Act ii Sc. 2.

The attempt, and not the deed,
Confounds us.

Macbeth— *continued.*

Act ii. Sc. 2.

Sleep, that knits up the ravell'd sleave of care,
The death of each day's life, sore labour's bath,
Balm of hurt minds, great nature's second course,
Chief nourisher in life's feast.

Act ii. Sc. 2.

Infirm of purpose!

Act ii. Sc. 2.

The sleeping, and the dead,
Are but as pictures.

Act ii. Sc. 3.

The labour we delight in physics pain.

Act ii. Sc. 3.

The wine of life is drawn, and the mere lees
Is left this vault to brag of.

Act ii. Sc. 4.

A falcon, tow'ring in her pride of place,
Was by a mousing owl hawk'd at, and kill'd.

Act iii. Sc. 1.

1 *Mur.* We are men, my liege.
Mac. Ay, in the catalogue ye go for men.

Act iii. Sc. 2.

Things without remedy
Should be without regard: what's done, is done.

Act iii. Sc. 2.

We have scotch'd the snake, not kill'd it.

Macbeth—*continued.*

Act iii. Sc. 2.

Duncan is in his grave!
After life's fitful fever he sleeps well;
Treason has done his worst: nor steel, nor poison,
Malice domestic, foreign levy, nothing
Can touch him further!

Act iii. Sc. 4.

Then comes my fit again.

Act iii. Sc. 4.

But now, I am cabin'd, cribb'd, confin'd, bound in
To saucy doubts and fears.

Act iii. Sc. 4.

Now good digestion wait on appetite,
And health on both!

Act iii. Sc. 4.

Thou canst not say I did it: never shake
Thy gory locks at me.

Act iii. Sc. 4.

Thou hast no speculation in those eyes
Which thou dost glare with!

Act iii. Sc. 4.

What man dare, I dare.

Act iii. Sc. 4.

Take any shape but that, and my firm nerves
Shall never tremble.

Macbeth—*continued.*

Act iii. Sc. 4.

You have displac'd the mirth, broke the good meeting
With most admir'd disorder.

Act iii. Sc. 4.

Can such things be,
And overcome us like a summer's cloud,
Without our special wonder?

Act iii. Sc. 4.

At once, good night:—
Stand not upon the order of your going,
But go at once.

Act iii. Sc. 4.

I am in blood
Stepp'd in so far, that, should I wade no more,
Returning were as tedious as go o'er.

Act iv. Sc. 1.

A deed without a name.

Act iv. Sc. 1.

I'll make
Assurance double sure,
And take a bond of fate.

Act iv. Sc. 1.

Show his eyes, and grieve his heart;
Come like shadows, so depart.

Act iv. Sc. 1.

What! will the line stretch out to the crack of doom?

Macbeth—*continued*

Act iv. Sc. 1.

From this moment,
The very firstlings of my heart shall be
The firstlings of my hand.

Act iv. Sc. 3.

Give sorrow words; the grief that does not speak,
Whispers the o'erfraught heart, and bids it break.

Act iv. Sc. 3.

What, all my pretty chickens and their dam
At one fell swoop?

Act iv. Sc. 3.

Mal. Dispute it like a man.
Macd. I shall do so;
But I must also feel it as a man:
I cannot but remember such things were,
That were most precious to me

Act iv. Sc. 3.

O, I could play the woman with mine eyes,
And braggart with my tongue!

Act v. Sc. 3.

My way of life
Is fallen into the sear, the yellow leaf:
And that which should accompany old age,
As honour, love, obedience, troops of friends,
I must not look to have; but, in their stead,
Curses, not loud, but deep, mouth-honour, breath,
Which the poor heart would fain deny, and dare not.

Macbeth—*continued.*

Act v. Sc. 3.

Mac. How does your patient, doctor?
Doctor. Not so sick, my lord,
As she is troubled with thick-coming fancies,
That keep her from her rest.

Act v. Sc. 3.

Canst thou not minister to a mind diseas'd;
Pluck from the memory a rooted sorrow;
Raze out the written troubles of the brain;
And, with some sweet oblivious antidote,
Cleanse the stuff'd bosom of that perilous stuff
Which weighs upon the heart?
Doctor. Therein the patient
Must minister to himself.

Act v. Sc. 3.

Throw physic to the dogs, I'll none of it.

Act v. Sc. 3.

I would applaud thee to the very echo,
That should applaud again.

Act v. Sc. 5.

Hang out our banners on the outward walls;
The cry is still, *They come.*

Act v. Sc. 5.

I have supp'd full with horrors.

Macbeth—*continued.*

Act v. Sc. 5.

To-morrow, and to-morrow, and to-morrow,
Creeps in this petty pace from day to day,
To the last syllable of recorded time;
And all our yesterdays have lighted fools
The way to dusty death. Out, out, brief candle!
Life's but a walking shadow; a poor player,
That struts and frets his hour upon the stage,
And then is heard no more.

Act v. Sc. 5.

Full of sound and fury,
Signifying nothing.

Act v. Sc. 5.

And begin
To doubt the equivocation of the fiend,
That lies like truth.

Act v. Sc. 5.

I 'gin to be a-weary of the sun,
And wish the estate of the world were now undone.

Act v. Sc. 5.

Blow wind! come wrack!
At least we'll die with harness on our back.

Act v. Sc. 7.

Why should I play the Roman fool, and die
On mine own sword?

Act v. Sc. 7.

I bear a charmed life.

Macbeth—*continued.*

Act v. Sc. 7.

Accursed be the tongue that tells me so,
For it hath cow'd my better part of man!
And be these juggling fiends no more believ'd,
That palter with us in a double sense;
That keep the word of promise to the ear,
And break it to the hope.

KING JOHN.

Act ii. Sc. 1.

For courage mounteth with occasion.

Act iii. Sc. 1.

Thou wear a lion's hide! doff it for shame,
And hang a calf's-skin on those recreant limbs.

Act iii. Sc. 4.

Life is as tedious as a twice-told tale,
Vexing the dull ear of a drowsy man.

Act iv. Sc. 2.

To gild refined gold, to paint the lily,
To throw a perfume on the violet,
To smooth the ice, or add another hue
Unto the rainbow, or with taper-light
To seek the beauteous eye of heaven to garnish,
Is wasteful and ridiculous excess.

Act iv. Sc. 2.

Another lean, unwash'd artificer
Cuts off his tale, and talks of Arthur's death.

King John—*continued.*

Act iv. Sc. 2.

How oft the sight of means to do ill deeds
Makes ill deeds done!

KING RICHARD II.

Act i. Sc. 3.

Oh, who can hold a fire in his hand,
By thinking on the frosty Caucasus?
Or cloy the hungry edge of appetite,
By bare imagination of a feast?

Act ii. Sc. 1.

The ripest fruit first falls.

Act v. Sc. 2.

As in a theatre, the eyes of men,
After a well-grac'd actor leaves the stage,
Are idly bent on him that enters next,
Thinking his prattle to be tedious.
Even so, or with much more contempt, men's eyes
Did scowl on Richard; no man cried, God save him.

FIRST PART OF KING HENRY IV.

Act i. Sc. 2.

'Tis my vocation, Hal; 't is no sin for a man to labour in his vocation.

King Henry IV. (Part I.)—*continued.*

Act i. Sc. 2.

He will give the devil his due.

Act i. Sc. 3.

And, as the soldiers bore dead bodies by,
He call'd them—untaught knaves, unmannerly,
To bring a slovenly unhandsome corse
Betwixt the wind and his nobility.

Act i. Sc. 3.

By heaven, methinks, it were an easy leap,
To pluck bright honour from the pale-fac'd moon.

Act ii. Sc. 1.

I know a trick worth two of that.

Act ii. Sc. 4.

Give you a reason on compulsion! if reasons were as plenty as blackberries, I would give no man a reason upon compulsion.

Act ii. Sc. 4.

Call you that backing of your friends? A plague upon such backing!

Act ii. Sc. 4.

A plague of sighing and grief! it blows a man up like a bladder.

Act iii. Sc. 1.

Glen. I can call spirits from the vasty deep.
Hot. Why, so can I, or so can any man:
But will they come when you do call for them?

King Henry IV. (Part I.)—*continued.*

Act III. Sc. 1.

Tell truth and shame the devil.

Act III. Sc. 1.

I had rather be a kitten and cry—mew,
Than one of these same metre ballad-mongers.

Act III. Sc. 3.

Shall I not take mine ease in mine inn?

Act IV. Sc. 2.

I 'll not march through Coventry with them, that 's flat.

Act V. Sc. 4.

I could have better spar'd a better man.

Act V. Sc. 4.

The better part of valour is—discretion.

Act V. Sc. 4.

Lord, Lord, how this world is given to lying! I grant you I was down, and out of breath; and so was he: but we rose both at an instant, and fought a long hour by Shrewsbury clock.

SECOND PART OF KING HENRY IV.

Act I. Sc. 1.

Yet the first bringer of unwelcome news
Hath but a losing office.

King Henry IV. (Part II.)—*continued.*

Act i. Sc. 2.

I am not only witty in myself, but the cause that wit is in other men.

Act ii. Sc. 1.

He hath eaten me out of house and home.

Act ii. Sc. 3.

He was, indeed, the glass
Wherein the noble youth did dress themselves.

Act iii. Sc. 1.

Sleep, gentle sleep,
Nature's soft nurse, how have I frighted thee,
That thou no more wilt weigh mine eyelids down,
And steep my senses in forgetfulness?

Act iii. Sc. 1.

With all appliances and means to boot.

Act iii. Sc. 1.

Uneasy lies the head that wears a crown.

Act iv. Sc. 4.

He hath a tear for pity, and a hand
Open as day for melting charity.

Act iv. Sc. 4.

P. Hen. I never thought to hear you speak again.
K. Hen. Thy wish was father, Harry, to that thought.

Act v. Sc. 3.

Under which king, Bezonian? Speak, or die.

KING HENRY V.

Prologue.

O for a muse of fire, that would ascend
The brightest heaven of invention.

Act i. Sc. 1.

Consideration like an angel came,
And whipp'd the offending Adam out of him.

Act i. Sc. 1.

When he speaks,
The air, a charter'd libertine, is still.

Act ii. Sc. 1.

Base is the slave that pays.

Act ii. Sc. 3.

'A babbled of green fields.

Act iv.—Chorus.

And from the tents,
The armourers, accomplishing the knights,
With busy hammers closing rivets up,
Give dreadful note of preparation.

Act iv. Sc. 3.

Then shall our names,
Familiar in his mouth as household words,—
Harry the King, Bedford and Exeter,
Warwick and Talbot, Salisbury and Gloster,—
Be in their flowing cups freshly remember'd.

FIRST PART OF KING HENRY VI.

Act v. Sc. 3.

She's beautiful; and therefore to be woo'd:
She is a woman; therefore to be won.

SECOND PART OF KING HENRY VI.

Act iii. Sc. 1.

Smooth runs the water where the brook is deep.

Act iii. Sc. 2.

What stronger breastplate than a heart untainted?
Thrice is he arm'd that hath his quarrel just;
And he but naked, though lock'd up in steel,
Whose conscience with injustice is corrupted.

Act iii. Sc. 3.

He dies, and makes no sign.

Act v. Sc. 2.

Even at this sight
My heart is turn'd to stone.

THIRD PART OF KING HENRY VI.

Act v. Sc. 6.

Suspicion always haunts the guilty mind;
The thief doth fear each bush an officer.

KING RICHARD III.

Act i. Sc. 1.

Now is the winter of our discontent
Made glorious summer by this sun of York;
And all the clouds that lower'd upon our house,
In the deep bosom of the ocean buried.

Act i. Sc. 1.

Why I, in this weak piping time of peace,
Have no delight to pass away the time.

Act i. Sc. 2.

To leave this keen encounter of our wits.

Act i. Sc. 2.

Was ever woman in this humour woo'd?
Was ever woman in this humour won?

Act i. Sc. 4.

Sorrow breaks seasons and reposing hours,—
Makes the night morning, and the noontide night.

Act iv. Sc. 2.

Thou troublest me; I am not in the vein.

Act iv. Sc. 4.

Let not the Heavens hear these tell-tale women
Rail on the Lord's anointed.

Act iv. Sc. 4.

An honest tale speeds best being plainly told.

King Richard III —*continued.*

Act v. Sc. 2.

Thus far into the bowels of the land
Have we march'd on without impediment.

Act v. Sc. 2.

True hope is swift, and flies with swallow's wings,
Kings it makes gods, and meaner creatures kings.

Act v. Sc. 3.

The king's name is a tower of strength.

Act v. Sc. 4.

I have set my life upon a cast,
And I will stand the hazard of the die.

KING HENRY VIII.

Act ii. Sc. 3.

Verily
I swear, 'tis better to be lowly born,
And range with humble livers in content,
Than to be perk'd up in a glistering grief
And wear a golden sorrow.

Act iii. Sc. 2.

And then to breakfast with
What appetite you have.

Act iii. Sc. 2.

Farewell, a long farewell, to all my greatness!
This is the state of man: To-day he puts forth
The tender leaves of hope, to-morrow blossoms,
And bears his blushing honours thick upon him.

King Henry VIII.—*continued.*

Act iii. Sc. 2.

O how wretched
Is that poor man that hangs on princes' favours!
There is, betwixt that smile we would aspire to,
That sweet aspect of princes, and their ruin,
More pangs and fears than wars or women have;
And when he falls, he falls like Lucifer,
Never to hope again.

Act iii. Sc. 2.

Had I but serv'd my God with half the zeal
I served my king, he would not in mine age
Have left me naked to mine enemies.

Act iv. Sc. 2.

Men's evil manners live in brass: their virtues
We write in water.

Act v. Sc. 2.

To dance attendance on their lordships' pleasures.

TROILUS AND CRESSIDA.

Act iii. Sc. 3.

One touch of nature makes the whole world kin.

Act iii. Sc. 3.

And like a dew-drop from the lion's mane,
Be shook to air.

Act iii. Sc. 3.

Time hath, my lord, a wallet on his back,
Wherein he puts alms for oblivion.

CORIOLANUS.

Act iii. Sc. 1.

Hear you this Triton of the minnows?

JULIUS CÆSAR.

Act i. Sc. 2.

Beware the Ides of March!

Act i. Sc. 2.

I cannot tell what you and other men
Think of this life; but, for my single self,
I had as lief not be, as live to be
In awe of such a thing as I myself.

Act i. Sc. 2.

Why, man, he doth bestride the narrow world
Like a Colossus, and we petty men
Walk under his huge legs, and peep about
To find ourselves dishonourable graves.

Act i. Sc. 2.

Let me have men about me that are fat;
Sleek-headed men, and such as sleep o' nights:
Yond' Cassius has a lean and hungry look;
He thinks too much; such men are dangerous.

Act i. Sc. 2.

Seldom he smiles; and smiles in such a sort,
As if he mock'd himself, and scorn'd his spirit,
That could be moved to smile at anything.

Julius Cæsar—*continued.*

Act i. Sc. 2.

But, for mine own part, it was Greek to me.

Act ii. Sc. 1.

But 't is a common proof
That lowliness is young ambition's ladder,
Whereto the climber upward turns his face:
But when he once attains the upmost round,
He then unto the ladder turns his back,
Looks in the clouds, scorning the base degrees
By which he did ascend.

Act ii. Sc. 1.

Between the acting of a dreadful thing
And the first motion, all the interim is
Like a phantasma, or a hideous dream.

Act ii. Sc. 1.

You are my true and honourable wife,
As dear to me as are the ruddy drops
That visit my sad heart.

Act ii. Sc. 2.

Cowards die many times before their deaths;
The valiant never taste of death but once.

Act iii. Sc. 1.

Tho' last, not least, in love.

Act iii. Sc. 1.

Cry *Havock*, and let slip the dogs of war.

Julius Cæsar—*continued.*

Act iii. Sc. 2.

The evil that men do lives after them;
The good is oft interred with their bones.

Act iii. Sc. 2.

For Brutus is an honourable man;
So are they all, all honourable men.

Act iii. Sc. 2.

When that the poor have cried, Cæsar hath wept:
Ambition should be made of sterner stuff.

Act iii. Sc. 2.

See, what a rent the envious Casca made.

Act iii. Sc. 2.

This was the most unkindest cut of all.

Act iii. Sc. 2.

Great Cæsar fell.
O, what a fall was there, my countrymen!

Act iii. Sc. 2.

Put a tongue
In every wound of Cæsar, that should move
The stones of Rome to rise and mutiny.

Act iv. Sc. 2.

Ever note, Lucilius,
When love begins to sicken and decay,
It useth an enforced ceremony.
There are no tricks in plain and simple faith.

Julius Cæsar—*continued.*

Act iv. Sc. 3.

I had rather be a dog, and bay the moon,
Than such a Roman.

Act iv. Sc. 3.

There is no terror, Cassius, in your threats;
For I am arm'd so strong in honesty,
That they pass by me as the idle wind,
Which I respect not.

Act iv. Sc. 3.

A friend should bear a friend's infirmities,
But Brutus makes mine greater than they are.

Act iv. Sc. 3.

O Cassius, you are yoked to a lamb
That carries anger as the flint bears fire;
Who, much enforced, shows a hasty spark,
And straight is cold again.

Act iv. Sc. 3.

There is a tide in the affairs of men,
Which, taken at the flood, leads on to fortune;
Omitted, all the voyage of their life
Is bound in shallows and in miseries.
On such a full sea are we now afloat;
And we must take the current when it serves,
Or lose our ventures.

Act v. Sc. 5.

His life was gentle; and the elements
So mix'd in him, that Nature might stand up
And say to all the world, ***This was a man!***

ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA.

Act i. Sc. 1.

There's beggary in the love that can be reckon'd.

Act ii. Sc. 2.

For her own person,
It beggar'd all description.

Act ii. Sc. 2.

Age cannot wither her, nor custom stale
Her infinite variety.

CYMBELINE.

Act i. Sc. 4.

Or ere I could
Give him that parting kiss, which I had set
Betwixt two charming words, comes in my father,
And, like the tyrannous breathing of the north,
Shakes all our buds from growing.

Act iii. Sc. 2.

Some griefs are med'cinable.

Act iii. Sc. 6.

Weariness
Can snore upon the flint, when restive sloth
Finds the down pillow hard.

Act iv. Sc. 2.

The breach of custom
Is breach of all.

KING LEAR.

Act i. Sc. 4.

How sharper than a serpent's tooth it is,
To have a thankless child!

Act i. Sc. 1.

Striving to better, oft we mar what's well.

Act ii. Sc. 1.

O, let not women's weapons, water-drops,
Stain my man's cheeks!

Act iii. Sc. 2.

Blow, winds, and crack your cheeks! rage! blow!

Act iii. Sc. 2.

Tremble, thou wretch,
That hast within thee undivulged crimes,
Unwhipp'd of justice.

Act iii. Sc. 2.

I am a man
More sinn'd against than sinning.

Act iii. Sc. 4.

But where the greater malady is fix'd,
The lesser is scarce felt.

Act iii. Sc. 4.

When the mind's free, the body's delicate.

King Lear—*continued.*

Act iii. Sc. 4.

O, that way madness lies; let me shun that;
No more of that.

Act iii. Sc. 4.

Poor naked wretches, wheresoe'er you are,
That bide the pelting of this pitiless storm,
How shall your houseless heads, and unfed sides,
Your loop'd and window'd raggedness, defend you
From seasons such as these?

Act iii. Sc. 4.

Take physic, pomp;
Expose thyself to feel what wretches feel.

Act iii. Sc. 4.

I'll talk a word with this same learned Theban.

Act iv. Sc. 6.

Ay, every inch a king.

Act iv. Sc. 6.

Give me an ounce of civet, good apothecary,
To sweeten my imagination.

Act iv. Sc. 6.

Through tatter'd clothes small vices do appear,
Robes and furr'd gowns hide all. Plate sin with gold,
And the strong lance of justice hurtless breaks;
Arm it in rags, a pigmy's straw doth pierce it.

King Lear—*continued.*

Act v. Sc. 2.

Men must endure
Their going hence, even as their coming hither:
Ripeness is all!

Act v. Sc. 3.

The gods are just, and of our pleasant vices
Make instruments to scourge us.

Act v. Sc. 3.

Her voice was ever soft,
Gentle, and low; an excellent thing in woman.

ROMEO AND JULIET.

Act i. Sc. 1.

The weakest goes to the wall.

Act i. Sc. 2.

One fire burns out another's burning,
One pain is lessen'd by another's anguish.

Act i. Sc. 5.

Too early seen unknown, and known too late!

Act ii. Sc. 2.

He jests at scars, that never felt a wound.

Act ii. Sc. 2.

See how she leans her cheek upon her hand!
O that I were a glove upon that hand,
That I might touch that cheek!

Romeo and Juliet—*continued.*

Act ii. Sc. 2.

What's in a name? that which we call a rose,
By any other name would smell as sweet.

Act ii. Sc. 2.

Alack! there lies more peril in thine eye
Than twenty of their swords.

Act ii. Sc. 2.

At lovers' perjuries,
They say, Jove laughs.

Act ii. Sc. 2.

O, swear not by the moon, the inconstant moon,
That monthly changes in her circled orb,
Lest that thy love prove likewise variable.

Act ii. Sc. 2.

My bounty is as boundless as the sea,
My love as deep; the more I give to thee,
The more I have, for both are infinite.

Act ii. Sc. 2.

Good night, good night! parting is such sweet sorrow,
That I could say—good night, until to-morrow.

Act ii. Sc. 4.

I am the very pink of courtesy.

Act ii. Sc. 4.

My man's as true as steel.

Romeo and Juliet—*continued.*

Act ii. Sc. 6.

Here comes the lady;—O, so light a foot
Will ne'er wear out the everlasting flint.

Act iii. Sc. 1.

A plague o' both your houses!

Act iii. Sc. 1.

Rom. Courage, man! the hurt cannot be much.

Mer. No, 'tis not so deep as a well, nor so wide as a church door; but 'tis enough.

Act iii. Sc. 5.

Night's candles are burnt out, and jocund day
Stands tiptoe on the misty mountain tops.

Act v. Sc. 1.

My bosom's lord sits lightly in his throne.

Act v. Sc. 1.

A beggarly account of empty boxes.

Act v. Sc. 1.

My poverty, but not my will consents.

Act v. Sc. 3.

Eyes, look your last!
Arms, take your last embrace!

HAMLET.

Act 1 Sc. 1

For this relief, much thanks.

Act 1 Sc. 1.

In the most high and palmy state of Rome

Act 1 Sc 1.

And then it started like a guilty thing
Upon a fearful summons

Act 1 Sc 2

A little more than kin, and less than kind.

Act 1 Sc 2

But I have that within which passeth show.

Act 1. Sc 2.

Why should we, in our peevish opposition,
Take it to heart?

Act 1 Sc. 2.

O that this too too solid flesh would melt,
Thaw, and resolve itself into a dew!

Act 1 Sc. 2

How weary, stale, flat, and unprofitable,
Seem to me all the uses of this world!

Hamlet—*continued.*

Act i. Sc. 2.

So loving to my mother,
That he might not beteem the winds of heaven
Visit her face too roughly.

Act i. Sc. 2.

Why, she would hang on him,
As if increase of appetite had grown
By what it fed on.

Act i. Sc. 2.

Frailty, thy name is woman!

Act i. Sc. 2.

Like Niobe, all tears.

Act i. Sc. 2.

My father's brother; but no more like my father
Than I to Hercules.

Act i. Sc. 2.

Thrift, thrift, Horatio! the funeral bak'd meats
Did coldly furnish forth the marriage tables.

Act i. Sc. 2.

In my mind's eye, Horatio.

Act i. Sc. 2.

He was a man, take him for all in all,
I shall not look upon his like again.

Hamlet—*continued.*

Act i. Sc. 2.

Arm'd at all points.

Act i. Sc. 2.

A countenance more in sorrow than in anger.

Act i. Sc. 3.

The friends thou hast, and their adoption tried,
Grapple them to thy soul with hooks of steel.

Act i. Sc. 3.

Beware
Of entrance to a quarrel; but, being in,
Bear it that the opposer may beware of thee.

Act i. Sc. 3.

Give every man thine ear, but few thy voice.

Act i. Sc. 3.

Costly thy habit as thy purse can buy,
But not express'd in fancy; rich, not gaudy:
For the apparel oft proclaims the man.

Act i. Sc. 3.

Neither a borrower, nor a lender be,
For loan oft loses both itself and friend;
And borrowing dulls the edge of husbandry.

Act i. Sc. 3.

Springes to catch woodcocks.

Hamlet—*continued*

Act i Sc 4

I am native here,
And to the manner born.

Act i Sc 4

It is a custom
More honour'd in the breach than the observance.

Act i. Sc 4

It takes
From our achievements, though perform'd at height,
The pith and marrow of our attribute

Act i Sc 4

Thou com'st in such a questionable shape,
That I will speak to thee

Act i. Sc 4

Let me not burst in ignorance!

Act i Sc 4

I do not set my life at a pin's fee

Act i Sc 4

Something is rotten in the state of Denmark.

Act i. Sc 5

I could a tale unfold, whose lightest word
Would harrow up thy soul.

Hamlet—*continued*

Act 1 Sc 5

Thy knotted and combined locks to part,
And each particular hair to stand on end,
Like quills upon the fretful porcupine
But this eternal blazon must not be
To ears of flesh and blood.

Act 1 Sc 5

Haste me to know it, that I, with wings as swift
As meditation, or the thoughts of love,
May sweep to my revenge.

Act 1 Sc 5

O my prophetic soul! my uncle!

Act 1 Sc 5

Oh, Hamlet, what a falling off was there!

Act 1 Sc 5

Sleeping within mine orchard,
My custom always in the afternoon.

Act 1 Sc 5

No reckoning made, but sent to my account
With all my imperfections on my head

Act 1 Sc 5

The glow-worm shows the matin to be near,
And 'gins to pale his uneffectual fire

Hamlet—*continued*

Act i Sc 5

Remember thee?
Ay, thou poor ghost, while memory holds a seat
In this distracted globe.

Act i Sc 5

Remember thee?
Yea, from the table of my memory
I'll wipe away all trivial fond records.

Act i Sc 5

There needs no ghost, my lord, come from the grave
To tell us this

Act i Sc 5

There are more things in heaven and earth Horatio
Than are dreamt of in your philosophy

Act i Sc 5

The time is out of joint.

Act ii Sc 1

And, with his other hand thus o'er his brow,
He falls to such perusal of my face,
As he would draw it.

Act ii Sc

Brevity is the soul of wit

Act ii Sc 2

That he is mad, 'tis true 'tis true, 'tis pity,
And pity 'tis, 'tis true.

Hamlet—*continued*

Act ii. Sc. 2.

Still harping on my daughter.

Act ii. Sc. 2.

Though this be madness, yet there is method in it.

Act ii. Sc. 2.

I have of late, (but wherefore I know not,) lost all my mirth, forgone all custom of exercises.

Act ii. Sc. 2.

What a piece of work is man! How noble in reason! how infinite in faculties! in form and moving how express and admirable! in action how like an angel! in apprehension how like a god!

Act ii. Sc. 2.

Man delights not me,—nor woman neither.

Act ii. Sc. 2.

I am but mad north-north-west: when the wind is southerly, I know a hawk from a handsaw.

Act ii. Sc. 2.

O, Jephtha, judge of Israel,—what a treasure hadst thou!

Act ii. Sc. 2.

Come, give us a taste of your quality.

Hamlet—*continued.*

Act ii. Sc. 2.

'Twas caviare to the general.

Act ii. Sc. 2.

Use every man after his desert, and who shall scape whipping?

Act ii. Sc. 2.

What's Hecuba to him, or he to Hecuba,
That he should weep for her?

Act ii. Sc. 2.

For murder, though it have no tongue, will speak
With most miraculous organ.

Act ii. Sc. 2.

The play's the thing,
Wherein I'll catch the conscience of the king.

Act iii. Sc. 1.

To be, or not to be: that is the question.

Act iii. Sc. 1.

The thousand natural shocks
That flesh is heir to.

Act iii. Sc. 1.

'Tis a consummation
Devoutly to be wish'd.

Hamlet—*continued.*

Act III. Sc. 1.

To die,—to sleep;—
To sleep! perchance to dream; ay, there's the rub;
For in that sleep of death what dreams may come,
When we have shuffled off this mortal coil,
Must give us pause.

Act III. Sc. 1.

Who would fardels bear,
To grunt and sweat under a weary life;
But that the dread of something after death,
That undiscover'd country, from whose bourne
No traveller returns, puzzles the will;
And makes us rather bear those ills we have,
Than fly to others that we know not of!
Thus conscience does make cowards of us all.

Act III. Sc. 1.

And thus the native hue of resolution
Is sicklied o'er with the pale cast of thought.

Act III. Sc. 1.

Nymph, in thy orisons
Be all my sins remember'd.

Act III. Sc. 1.

For to the noble mind,
Rich gifts wax poor, when givers prove unkind.

Act III. Sc. 1.

Be thou as chaste as ice, as pure as snow, thou shalt not escape calumny.

Hamlet—*continued.*

Act iii. Sc. 1.

O, what a noble mind is here o'erthrown!

Act iii. Sc. 1.

The glass of fashion and the mould of form,
The observ'd of all observers!

Act iii. Sc. 1.

Now see that noble and most sovereign reason,
Like sweet bells jangled, out of tune and harsh.

Act iii. Sc. 2.

It out-herods Herod.

Act iii. Sc. 2.

Suit the action to the word, the word to the action; with this special observance, that you o'erstep not the modesty of nature.

Act iii. Sc. 2.

To hold, as 'twere, the mirror up to nature.

Act iii. Sc. 2.

I have thought some of nature's journeymen had made men, and not made them well, they imitated humanity so abominably.

Act iii. Sc. 2.

No, let the candied tongue lick absurd pomp,
And crook the pregnant hinges of the knee,
Where thrift may follow fawning.

Hamlet—*continued.*

Act iii. Sc. 2.

A man that fortune's buffets and rewards
Hast ta'en with equal thanks.

Act iii. Sc. 2.

Give me that man
That is not passion's slave, and I will wear him
In my heart's core, ay, in my heart of hearts,
As I do thee.

Act iii. Sc. 2.

Something too much of this.

Act iii. Sc. 2.

Here's metal more attractive.

Act iii. Sc. 2.

The lady protests too much, methinks.

Act iii. Sc. 2.

Let the galled jade wince, our withers are unwrung.

Act iii. Sc. 2.

Why, let the stricken deer go weep,
The hart ungalled play;
For some must watch, while some must sleep;
Thus runs the world away.

Act iii. Sc. 2.

'Tis as easy as lying.

Act iii. Sc. 2.

It will discourse most excellent music.

Hamlet—*continued.*

Act iii. Sc. 2.

Very like a whale.

Act iii. Sc. 2.

They fool me to the top of my bent.

Act iii. Sc. 2.

By and bye is easily said.

Act iii. Sc. 2.

'Tis now the very witching time of night,
When churchyards yawn, and hell itself breathes out
Contagion to this world.

Act iii. Sc. 2.

I will speak daggers to her, but use none.

Act iii. Sc. 4.

And let me wring your heart, for so I shall,
If it be made of penetrable stuff.

Act iii. Sc. 4.

Look here, upon this picture, and on this.

Act iii. Sc. 4.

An eye like Mars, to threaten and command.

Act iii. Sc. 4.

A combination, and a form, indeed,
Where every god did seem to set his seal,
To give the world assurance of a man.

Hamlet—*continued.*

Act iii. Sc. 4.

O shame! where is thy blush?

Act iii. Sc. 4.

A king
Of shreds and patches.

Act iii. Sc. 4.

This is the very coinage of your brain.

Act iii. Sc. 4.

My pulse, as yours, doth temperately keep time,
And makes as healthful music.

Act iii. Sc. 4.

Lay not that flattering unctiôn to your soul.

Act iii. Sc. 4.

Assume a virtue, if you have it not.

Act iii. Sc. 4.

I must be cruel, only to be kind.
Thus bad begins, and worse remains behind.

Act iv. Sc. 5.

We know what we are, but we know not what we may be.

Act iv. Sc. 5.

When sorrows come, they come not single spies,
But in battalions!

Hamlet—*continued.*

Act iv. Sc. 5.

There 's such divinity doth hedge a king,
That treason can but peep to what it would.

Act v. Sc. 1.

The hand of little employment hath the daintier sense.

Act v. Sc. 1

We must speak by the card, or equivocation will undo us.

Act v. Sc. 1.

Alas, poor Yorick!

Act v. Sc. 1.

Where be your gibes now? your gambols? your songs? your flashes of merriment, that were wont to set the table on a roar?

Act v. Sc. 1.

Now get you to my lady's chamber, and tell her, let her paint an inch thick, to this favour she must come.

Act v. Sc. 1.

To what base uses we may return, Horatio.

Act v. Sc. 1.

Imperial Cæsar, dead, and turn'd to clay,
Might stop a hole to keep the wind away.

Act v. Sc. 1.

Sweets to the sweet.

Hamlet—*continued.*

Act v. Sc. 1.

The cat will mew, and dog will have his day.

Act v. Sc. 2.

There 's a divinity that shapes our ends,
Rough-hew them how we will.

Act v. Sc. 2.

There is a special providence in the fall of a sparrow. If it be now, 'tis not to come; if it be not to come, it will be now; if it be not now, yet it will come: the readiness is all.

Act v. Sc. 2.

A hit, a very palpable hit.

OTHELLO.

Act i. Sc. 1.

But I will wear my heart upon my sleeve
For daws to peck at.

Act i. Sc. 2.

I would not my unhoused free condition
Put into circumscription and confine
For the sea's worth.

Act i. Sc. 3.

The very head and front of my offending
Hath this extent—no more.

Othello—*continued.*

Act i. Sc. 3.

I will a round, unvarnish'd tale deliver,
Of my whole course of love.

Act i. Sc. 3.

Her father lov'd me; oft invited me;
Still question'd me the story of my life
From year to year.

Act i. Sc. 3.

Wherein I spake of most disastrous chances,
Of moving accidents by flood and field.

Act i. Sc. 3.

My story being done,
She gave me for my pains a world of sighs:
She swore,—In faith, 'twas strange, 'twas passing strange;
'Twas pitiful, 'twas wondrous pitiful:
She wish'd she had not heard it; yet she wish'd
That Heaven had made her such a man.

Act i. Sc. 3.

Upon this hint I spake.

Act i. Sc. 3.

I do perceive here a divided duty.

Act i. Sc. 3.

I saw Othello's visage in his mind.

Act ii. Sc. 1.

For I am nothing, if not critical.

Othello—*continued.*

Act ii. Sc. 1.

I am not merry; but I do beguile
The thing I am, by seeming otherwise.

Act ii. Sc. 1.

To suckle fools, and chronicle small beer.

Act ii. Sc. 1.

O, most lame and impotent conclusion!

Act ii. Sc. 1.

I 'll have our Michael Cassio on the hip.

Act ii. Sc. 3.

Silence that dreadful bell, it frights the isle
From her propriety.

Act ii. Sc. 3.

O thou invisible spirit of wine, if thou hast no name to be known by, let us call thee—devil!

Act ii. Sc. 3.

O that men should put an enemy into their mouths to steal away their brains!

Act ii. Sc. 3.

How poor are they that have not patience!—
What wound did ever heal, but by degrees?

Act iii. Sc. 3.

Perdition catch my soul,
But I do love thee! and when I love thee not,
Chaos is come again.

Othello—*continued.*

Act iii. Sc. 3.

Good name in man or woman, dear my lord,
Is the immediate jewel of their souls:
Who steals my purse steals trash; 'tis something, nothing;
'Twas mine, 'tis his, and has been slave to thousands;
But he that filches from me my good name,
Robs me of that which not enriches him,
And makes me poor indeed.

Act iii. Sc. 3.

But O, what damned minutes tells he o'er,
Who dotes, yet doubts; suspects, yet strongly loves!

Act iii. Sc. 3.

If I do prove her haggard,
Though that her jesses were my dear heart-strings,
I 'd whistle her off, and let her down the wind
To prey at fortune.

Act iii. Sc. 3.

Trifles, light as air,
Are, to the jealous, confirmation strong
As proofs of holy writ.

Act iii. Sc. 3.

Look, where he comes! Not poppy, nor mandragora,
Nor all the drowsy syrups of the world,
Shall ever med'cine thee to that sweet sleep
Which thou ow'dst yesterday.

Act iii. Sc. 3.

He that is robb'd, not wanting what is stol'n,
Let him not know it, and he 's not robb'd at all.

Othello—*continued.*

Act iii. Sc. 3.

O, now, for ever
Farewell the tranquil mind! farewell content!
Farewell the plumed troop, and the big wars,
That make ambition virtue!

Act iii. Sc. 3.

Othello's occupation 's gone!

Act iii. Sc. 3.

Give me ocular proof.

Act iii. Sc. 3.

But this denoted a foregone conclusion.

Act iv. Sc. 1.

They laugh that win.

Act iv. Sc. 1.

Ay, you did wish that I would make her turn:
Sir, she can turn and turn, and yet go on,
And turn again.

Act iv. Sc. 2.

Steep'd me in poverty to the very lips.

Act iv. Sc. 2.

But, alas! to make me
The fixed figure for the time of scorn
To point his slow and moving finger at.

Othello—*continued*

Act iv. Sc. 3

'Tis neither here nor there.

Act v. Sc. 2

I have done the state some service, and they know it

Act v. Sc. 2

Speak of me as I am, nothing extenuate,
Nor set down aught in malice

Act v. Sc. 2

One that lov'd not wisely but too well

Act v. Sc. 2

Albeit unused to the melting mood

SONNET 11

Love is not love
Which alters when it alteration finds

ANONYMOUS.

That same man, that rennith awaie,
Maie again fight, an other daie.

From 'Apophthegmes, &c., first gathered and compiled in Latine by Erasmus, and now translated into Englishe by Nicolas Vdall.' 8vo. R. Grafton. 1542.

"Demosthenes had written upon his shilde, in letters of golde, *Good fortune;* yet, nevertheless, when it was come to hardie strokes, Demosthenes, even at the first meeting, cast his shilde and al awaie from him, and to go as fast as his legges might beare him. This poincte being cast in his nose, in the way of mockage and reproche, that he had in battaile caste awaie his bucler, and taken him to his heeles like a prettie me, he avoided it with a little verse, common in every body's mouth:—

That same man, that rennith awaie,
Maie again fight, an other daie.

Judgeyng that it is more for the benefite of ones countree to renne awaie in battaile than to lese his life; for a ded man can fight no more, but who hath saved hymself alive by rennyng awaie may in many battaile more doe good service to his countree.

"At lest wise, if it be a poinct of good service to renne awaie at all times, when the countree hath most nede of his helpe to sticke to it."—fol. 239.*

* For this curious and interesting extract the compiler is indebted to the researches of Dr. Rimbault. It is evidently the origin of the well-known and long-disputed couplet—

He who fights and runs away
May live to fight another day—

so generally attributed to the author of Hudibras.

Lines used by JOHN BALL *to encourage the Rebels in Wat Tyler's Rebellion.*

When Adam dolve, and Eve span,
Who was then the gentleman?

T. BROWNE, *author of 'Dialogues of the Dead.'*

From MARTIAL.

I do not love thee, Doctor Fell,
The reason why I cannot tell;
But this alone I know full well,
I do not love thee, Doctor Fell.

Non amo te, Sabidi, nec possum dicere quare;
Hoc tantum possum dicere, non amo te.

Lines copied from the Pillar erected on the Mount in the Dane John Field, formerly called the Dungeon Field, Canterbury.

Where is the man who has the power and skill
To stem the torrent of a woman's will?
For if she will, she will, you may depend on 't;
And if she won't, she won't: so there's an end on 't.

LORD BACON. *8th Essay.*

Of Marriage and Single Life.

He that hath a wife and children hath given hostages to fortune, for they are impediments to great enterprises.

SPENSER.

Lines on his promised Pension.

I was promised on a time
To have reason for my rhyme;
From that time unto this season,
I received nor rhyme nor reason.

Mother Hubberd's Tale.

Full little knowest thou that hast not tried,
What hell it is, in suing long to bide:
To lose good days that might be better spent,
To waste long nights in pensive discontent;
To speed to-day, to be put back to-morrow;
To feed on hope, to pine with fear and sorrow;
* * * * *
To fret thy soul with crosses and with cares;
To eat thy heart through comfortless despairs;
To fawn, to crouch, to wait, to ride, to ronne,
To spend, to give, to want, to be undonne.

SIR WALTER RALEIGH.

The Silent Lover.

Silence in love betrays more woe
Than words, tho' ne'er so witty;
A beggar that is dumb, you know,
May challenge double pity.

DR. DONNE.

On his Mistress.

Her pure and eloquent blood
Spoke in her cheeks, and so distinctly wrought,
That one would almost say her body thought.

GEORGE WITHERS.

The Shepherd's Resolution.

Shall I, wasting in despair,
Dye because a woman's fair?
Or make pale my cheeks with care,
'Cause another's rosie are?
If she be not so to me,
What care I how faire she be?

BEN JONSON.

Song in 'The Silent Woman.'

Give me a look, give me a face,
That makes simplicity a grace;
Robes loosely flowing, hair as free;
Such sweet neglect more taketh me,
Than all th' adulteries of art
That strike mine eyes, but not my heart.

Song.

Drink to me only with thine eyes,
And I will pledge with mine.

To the Memory of Shakespeare.

Soul of the age!
Th' applause! delight! the wonder of our stage!
My Shakspeare, rise!

* * * * *

Thou art a monument without a tomb;
And art alive still, while thy book doth live,
And we have wits to read, and praise to give.

* * * * *

He was not of an age, but for all time.

Song of Night. Masque of 'Delight.'

And though it be a waking dream.

PERCY'S *Reliques*, vol. ii.

The Baffled Knight. From the PEPYS *Collection.*

He that wold not when he might,
He shall not when he wold-a.

The Friar of Orders Grey.

Sigh no more, ladies, sigh no more,
  Men were deceivers ever;
One foot on sea, and one on shore,
  To one thing constant never.

From BYRD'S *Psalmes, Sonets, and Songs of Sadnes, published* 1588.

My mind to me a kingdom is;
  Such perfect joy therein I find,
As far exceeds all earthly bliss,
  That God and Nature hath assign'd.
Though much I want that most would have,
Yet still my mind forbids to crave.

MILTON.

PARADISE LOST.

Book i. line 62.

Yet from those flames
No light; but only darkness visible
Serv'd only to discover sights of woe,
Regions of sorrow.

Book i. line 65.

Where peace
And rest can never dwell: hope never comes,
That comes to all.

Book i. line 105.

What though the field be lost?
All is not lost; th' unconquerable will
And study of revenge, immortal hate,
And courage never to submit or yield:
And what is else not to be overcome?

Book i. line 254.

The mind is its own place, and in itself
Can make a heav'n of hell, a hell of heav'n.

Paradise Lost—*continued.*

Book i. line 261.

Here we may reign secure, and in my choice
To reign is worth ambition, though in hell:
Better to reign in hell than serve in heaven.

Book i. line 300.

And call'd
His legions, angel forms, who lay entranced
Thick as autumnal leaves that strow the brooks
In Vallombrosa, where the Etrurian shades
High over-arch'd imbow'r.

Book i. line 330.

Awake, arise, or be for ever fall'n!

Book i. line 619.

Thrice he essay'd, and thrice, in spite of scorn,
Tears, such as angels weep, burst forth.

Book i. line 648.

Who overcomes
By force, hath overcome but half his foe.

Book i. line 742.

From morn
To noon he fell, from noon to dewy eve,
A summer's day.

Paradise Lost—*continued.*

Book ii. line 110.

He seem'd
For dignity composed and high exploit:
But all was false and hollow, though his tongue
Dropp'd manna, and could make the worse appear
The better reason, to perplex and dash
Maturest counsels.

Book ii. line 300.

With grave
Aspéct he rose, and in his rising seem'd
A pillar of state; deep on his front engraven
Deliberation sat and public care.

Book ii. line 406.

And through the palpable obscure find out
His uncouth way.

Book ii. line 666.

The other shape,
If shape it might be call'd that shape had none
Distinguishable in member, joint, or limb.

Book ii line 846.

And Death
Grinn'd horrible a ghastly smile to hear
His famine should be fill'd.

Book ii. line 993.

For such a num'rous host
Fled not in silence through the frighted deep,
With ruin upon ruin, rout on rout,
Confusion worse confounded.

Paradise Lost—*continued.*

Book iii. line 40.

Thus with the year
Seasons return, but not to me returns
Day, or the sweet approach of ev'n or morn,
Or sight of vernal bloom, or summer's rose,
Or flocks, or herds, or human face divine.

Book iii. line 195.

Since call'd
The Paradise of Fools, to few unknown.

Book iv. line 31.

At whose sight all the stars
Hide their diminish'd heads.

Book iv. line 76.

And in the lowest deep, a lower deep,
Still threatening to devour me, opens wide,
To which the hell I suffer seems a heaven.

Book iv. line 98.

For never can true reconcilement grow
Where wounds of deadly hate have pierced so deep.

Book iv. line 108.

So farewell hope, and with hope farewell fear,
Farewell remorse; all good to me is lost:
Evil, be thou my good.

Paradise Lost.—*continued.*

Book iv. line 300.

His fair large front and eye sublime declared
Absolute rule; and hyacinthine locks
Round from his parted forelock manly hung
Clustering, but not beneath his shoulders broad

Book iv. line 393.

So spake the Fiend, and with necessity,
The tyrant's plea, excused his dev'lish deeds.

Book iv. line 639.

With thee conversing I forget all time;
All seasons and their change, all please alike.

Book iv. line 830.

Not to know me, argues yourself unknown,
The lowest of your throng.

Book iv. line 844.

So spake the Cherub; and his grave rebuke,
Severe in youthful beauty, added grace
Invincible.

Book v. line 14.

He on his side
Leaning, half raised, with looks of cordial love
Hung over her enamour'd, and beheld
Beauty, which, whether waking or asleep,
Shot forth peculiar graces.

Book v. line 72.

Good, the more
Communicated, more abundant grows.

Paradise Lost—*continued.*

Book v. line 117.

Evil into the mind of God or man
May come and go, so unapproved, and leave
No spot or blame behind.

Book v. line 331.

So saying, with despatchful looks in haste
She turns, on hospitable thoughts intent.

Book v. line 637.

They eat, they drink, and in communion sweet
Quaff immortality and joy.

Book v. line 896.

So spake the seraph Abdiel, faithful found
Among the faithless, faithful only he.
Among innumerable false, unmoved,
Unshaken, unseduced, unterrified,
His loyalty he kept, his love, his zeal.

Book vii. line 30.

Still govern thou my song,
Urania, and fit audience find, though few.

Book viii. line 188.

Grace was in all her steps! heaven in her eye!
In every gesture dignity and love!

Book viii. line 502.

Her virtue and the conscience of her worth,
That would be woo'd, and not unsought be won.

Paradise Lost—*continued.*

Book viii. line 532.

Here only weak
Against the charm of beauty's pow'rful glance.

Book viii line 546.

Yet when I approach
Her loveliness, so absolute she seems,
And in herself complete; so well to know
Her own, that what she wills to do or say,
Seems wisest, virtuousest, discreetest, best!

Book viii. line 600.

Those graceful acts,
Those thousand decencies, that daily flow
From all her words and actions.

Book viii. line 618.

To whom the angel, with a smile that glow'd
Celestial rosy red (love's proper hue).

Book ix. line 250.

For solitude sometimes is best society,
And short retirement urges sweet return.

Book ix. line 373.

Go, in thy native innocence, rely
On what thou hast of virtue.

Book ix. line 479.

Then let me not let pass
Occasion, which now smiles.

Paradise Lost—*continued.*

Book ix. line 1039.

He led her, nothing loth.

Book x. line 77.

Yet I shall temper so
Justice with mercy, as may illustrate most
Them fully satisfied, and thee appease.

Book xii. line 645.

Some natural tears they dropp'd, but wiped them soon.
The world was all before them, where to choose
Their place of rest, and Providence their guide.

SAMSON AGONISTES.

Line 293.

Just are the ways of God,
And justifiable to men.

Line 1350.

He's gone, and who knows how he may report
Thy words, by adding fuel to the flame?

COMUS.

Line 221.

Was I deceived, or did a sable cloud
Turn forth her silver lining on the night?

Line 244.

Can any mortal mixture of Earth's mould
Breathe such divine enchanting ravishment?

Comus—*continued.*

Line 256.

Who, as they sung, would take the prison'd soul,
And lap it in Elysium.

Line 263.

But such a sacred and home-felt delight,
Such sober certainty of waking bliss,
I never heard till now.

Line 359.

Be not over-exquisite
To cast the fashion of uncertain evils:
For, grant they be so, while they rest unknown,
What need a man forestall his date of grief,
And run to meet what he would most avoid?

Line 381.

He that hath light within his own clear breast
May sit i' th' centre, and enjoy bright day:
But he that hides a dark soul, and foul thoughts,
Benighted walks under the mid-day sun:
Himself is his own dungeon.

Line 560.

I was all ear,
And took in strains that might create a soul
Under the ribs of Death.

L'ALLEGRO.

Line 25.

Haste thee, Nymph, and bring with thee
Jest and youthful Jollity,
Quips and cranks, and wanton wiles,
Nods and becks, and wreathed smiles.

Line 31.

Come and trip it as you go,
On the light fantastic toe.

Line 67.

And every shepherd tells his tale
Under the hawthorn in the dale.

Line 80.

Where perhaps some beauty lies,
The cynosure of neighbouring eyes.

Line 85.

Herbs and other country messes,
Which the neat-handed Phyllis dresses.

Line 118.

Tower'd cities please us then,
And the busy hum of men.

Line 133.

Or sweetest Shakespeare, Fancy's child,
Warble his native wood-notes wild.

L'Allegro—*continued.*

Line 135.

And ever against eating cares,
Lap me in soft Lydian airs,
Married to immortal verse.

Line 140.

In notes, with many a winding bout
Of linked sweetness long drawn out.

IL PENSEROSO.

Line 39.

And looks commercing with the skies,
Thy rapt soul sitting in thine eyes.

Line 49.

And add to these retired Leisure,
That in trim gardens takes his pleasure.

Line 62.

Sweet bird, that shunn'st the noise of folly,
Most musical, most melancholy!

Line 79.

Where glowing embers through the room
Teach Light to counterfeit a gloom.

Line 106.

Such notes as, warbled to the string,
Drew iron tears down Pluto's cheek,
And made Hell grant what Love did seek.

Il Penseroso—*continued.*

Line 120.

Where more is meant than meets the ear.

Line 126.

While rocking winds are piping loud.

Line 159.

And storied windows richly dight,
Casting a dim religious light.

LYCIDAS.

Line 45.

As killing as the canker to the rose.

Line 70.

Fame is the spur that the clear spirit doth raise
(That last infirmity of noble minds)
To scorn delights, and live laborious days;
But the fair guerdon when we hope to find,
And think to burst out into sudden blaze,
Comes the blind Fury with the abhorred shears,
And slits the thin-spun life.

Line 193.

To-morrow to fresh fields and pastures new.

Sonnet on his Blindness.

They also serve who only stand and wait.

Second Sonnet to Cyriac Skinner.

Yet I argue not
Against Heav'n's hand or will, nor bate a jot
Of heart or hope: but still bear up and steer
Right onward.

Sonnet on his Deceased Wife.

But, O! as to embrace me she inclined,
I waked; she fled; and day brought back my night.

Sonnet to the Lady Margaret Ley.

That old man eloquent.

FULLER.

Wise Sentences.

Silence gives consent.

Hypocrisy is a sort of homage that vice pays to virtue.

SIR JOHN DENHAM.

Cooper's Hill.

My eye, descending from the hill, surveys
Where Thames among the wanton valleys strays.
* * * * *
Oh could I flow like thee, and make thy stream
My great example, as it is my theme!
Though deep yet clear, though gentle yet not dull
Strong without rage, without o'erflowing full.

COWLEY.

The Waiting Maid.

Th' adorning thee with so much art,
Is but a barb'rous skill;
'Tis like the poisoning of a dart,
Too apt before to kill.

THEOBALD.

The Double Falsehood.

None but himself can be his parallel.

WALLER.

Verses after Divine Poesy.

The soul's dark cottage, batter'd and decay'd,
Lets in the light through chinks that time has made.

On a Girdle.

A narrow compass! and yet there
Dwelt all that's good, and all that 's fair;
Give me but what this ribbon bound,
Take all the rest the sun goes round.

BUNYAN.

Pilgrim's Progress.

The slough of despond.

EARL OF MONTROSE.

Song—'My dear and only Love.'

I'll make thee famous by my pen,
And glorious by my sword.

JOHN NORRIS.

Of the Seventeenth Century.

How fading are the joys we dote upon!
Like apparitions seen and gone;
But those which soonest take their flight
  Are the most exquisite and strong;
Like angels' visits, short and bright,
  Mortality's too weak to bear them long

COLONEL LOVELACE.

To Althea from Prison, 1642.

Stone walls do not a prison make,
  Nor iron barres a cage:
Mindes innocent, and quiet, take
  That for an hermitage.

ÆSOP.

The Boys and the Frogs.

It's sport to you, but death to us.

DRYDEN.

CONQUEST OF GRENADA.

Part i. Sc. 1.

I am as free as nature first made man,
Ere the base laws of servitude began,
When wild in woods the noble savage ran.

AURENGZEBE.

Act iv. Sc. 1.

When I consider life, 'tis all a cheat;
Yet, fool'd with hope, men favour the deceit,
Trust on, and think to-morrow will repay;
To-morrow's falser than the former day;
Lies worse; and while it says we shall be bless'd
With some new joys, cuts off what we possess'd.
Strange cozenage! None would live past years again:
Yet all hope pleasure in what yet remain;
And from the dregs of life think to receive
What the first sprightly running could not give.

THE SPANISH FRIAR.

Act ii. Sc. 1.

There is a pleasure sure in being mad,
Which none but madmen know.

Prologue to 'All for Love.'

Errors like straws upon the surface flow;
He who would search for pearls must dive below.

ALL FOR LOVE.

Act iv. Sc. 1.

Men are but children of a larger growth;
Our appetites as apt to change as theirs
And full as craving too, and full as vain.

DON SEBASTIAN.

Act i. Sc. 1.

Ay, these look like the workmanship of Heaven
This is the porcelain clay of human kind

CYMON AND IPHIGENIA.

Line 61.

He trudg'd along, unknowing what he sought,
And whistled as he went, for want of thought

THE WIDOW'S TALE.

None but the brave deserve the fair

Sooth'd with the sound, the king grew vain,
Fought all his battles o'er again
And thrice he routed all his foes, and thrice he slew the slain

Full'n from his high estate

Deserted, at his utmost need,
By those his former bounty fed,
On the bare earth exposed he lies,
With not a friend to close his eyes

And now and then a sigh he stole,
And tears began to flow.

For pity melts the mind to love.

Alexander's Feast—*continued.*

War, he sung, is toil and trouble;
Honour, but an empty bubble;
Never ending, still beginning.

Lovely Thais sits beside thee;
Take the good the gods provide thee.

ABSALOM AND ACHITOPHEL.

Part I. line 156.

A fiery soul, which, working out its way,
Fretted the pigmy body to decay,
And o'er-inform'd the tenement of clay.

Part I. line 163.

Great wits are sure to madness near allied,
And thin partitions do their bounds divide.

Part I. line 544.

A man so various that he seem'd to be
Not one, but all mankind's epitome;
Stiff in opinions, always in the wrong,
Was everything by starts, and nothing long;
But, in the course of one revolving moon,
Was chymist, fiddler, statesman, and buffoon.

. . . . . .

. . . . . .

Railing and praising were his usual themes;
And both, to show his judgment, in extremes:
So over violent, or over civil,
That ev'ry man with him was God or Devil.

Part II. line 463.

For every inch that is not fool is rogue.

Imitation of the 29th of Horace.

Book I.

Happy the man, and happy he alone,
He who can call to-day his own;
He who, secure within, can say,
To-morrow, do thy worst, for I have lived to-day.

Content with poverty, my soul I arm,
And virtue, though in rags, will keep me warm

On Waller

Three poets, in three distant ages born,
Greece, Italy, and England did adorn,
The first in loftiness of thought surpass'd
The next in majesty, in both the last.
The force of nature could no further go,
To make a third she join'd the other two

SOUTHERN

OROONOKO.

Act II. Sc. 1

Blandford, Alas! I pity you.
Oroonoko. Do pity me;
Pity 's akin to love.

EARL OF ROSCOMMON.

Essay on Translated Verse.

'Tis true, composing is a nobler part,
But good translation is no easy art.

Immodest words admit of no defence,
For want of decency is want of sense.

COTTON.

The Fireside.

If solid happiness we prize,
Within our breast this jewel lies,
And they are fools that roam.
This world has nothing to bestow,
From our own selves our joys must flow,
And peace begins at home.

ROCHESTER.

Written on the Bedchamber Door of Charles II.

Here lies our sovereign lord the king,
Whose word no man relies on;
He never says a foolish thing,
Nor ever does a wise one.

Artemisa in the town to Chloe in the country.

And ever since the conquest have been fools.

SHEFFIELD, DUKE OF BUCKINGHAM.

Essay on Poetry.

Of all those arts in which the wise excel,
Nature's chief masterpiece is writing well.

A faultless monster—which the world ne'er saw.

LEE.

Alexander the Great. Act i. Sc. 3.

Then he will talk—ye Gods, how he will talk!

Act iv. Sc. 2.

When Greeks join'd Greeks, then was the tug of war.

OTWAY.

Venice Preserved. Act i. Sc. 1.

Oh woman! lovely woman! Nature made thee
To temper man: we had been brutes without you
Angels are painted fair to look like you:
There's in you all that we believe of heaven,
Amazing brightness, purity and truth,
Eternal joy, and everlasting love.

BUTLER.

HUDIBRAS.

Part I. Canto i. line 45.

We grant, altho' he had much wit,
H' was very shy of using it;
As being loth to wear it out,
And therefore bore it not about,
Unless on holidays or so,
As men their best apparel do.

Part I. Canto i. line 51.

Besides, 'tis known he could speak Greek
As naturally as pigs squeak.

Part I. Canto i. line 67.

He could distinguish, and divide
A hair, 'twixt south and south-west side,
On either which he would dispute,
Confute, change hands, and still confute.

Part I. Canto i. line 81.

For rhetoric, he could not ope
His mouth, but out there flew a trope.

Part I. Canto i. line 131.

Whatever sceptic could inquire for,
For every why he had a wherefore.

Hudibras—*continued.*

Part I. Canto i. line 149.

He knew what's what, and that's as high
As metaphysic wit can fly.

Part I. Canto i. line 215.

Compound for sins they are inclined to,
By damning those they have no mind to.

Part I. Canto i. line 821.

Quoth Hudibras, "I smell a rat;
Ralpho, thou dost prevaricate."

Part I. Canto iii. line 1.

Ah me! what perils do environ
The man that meddles with cold iron.

Part I. Canto iii. line 265.

Nor do I know what is become
Of him, more than the Pope of Rome.

Part I. Canto iii. line 309.

H' had got a hurt
O' th' inside, of a deadlier sort,
By Cupid made, who took his stand
Upon a widow's jointure land.
(For he, in all his am'rous battels,
No 'dvantage finds like goods and chattels.)

Hudibras—*continued.*

Part I. Canto iii. line 607.

In all the trade of war, no feat
Is nobler than a brave retreat:
For those that run away, and fly,
Take place at least of th' enemy.

Part I. Canto iii. line 877.

I am not now in fortune's power,
He that is down can fall no lower.

Part I. Canto iii. line 1367.

Quoth Hudibras, "Friend Ralph, thou hast
Outrun the constable at last."

Part II. Canto i. line 466.

For what is worth in anything,
But so much money as 't will bring?

Part II. Canto ii. line 29.

The sun had long since in the lap
Of Thetis taken out his nap,
And, like a lobster boil'd, the morn
From black to red began to turn.

Part II. Canto ii. line 79.

Have always been at daggers-drawing,
And one another clapper-clawing.

Part II. Canto ii. line 503.

And look before you, ere you leap;
For as you sow y' are like to reap.

Hudibras—*continued.*

Part II. Canto iii. line 1.

Doubtless the pleasure is as great
Of being cheated, as to cheat;
As lookers-on feel most delight,
That least perceive a juggler's sleight.

Part III. Canto ii. line 175.

True as the dial to the sun,
Although it be not shin'd upon.

Part III. Canto iii. line 1

He that complies against his will
Is of his own opinion still.

PRIOR.

Henry and Emma.

That air and harmony of shape express
Fine by degrees, and beautifully less.

Oh! what perfection must that virgin share,
Who fairest is esteem'd, where all are fair!

The Thief and the Cordelier.

Now fitted the halter, now travers'd the cart,
And often took leave—but seem'd loth to depart!

Solomon on the Vanity of the World.
Part II.

Abra was ready ere I call'd her name;
And though I call'd another, Abra came.

Epitaph on Himself.

Nobles and heralds, by your leave,
Here lies what once was Matthew Prior;
The son of Adam and of Eve:—
Can Bourbon or Nassau claim higher?

Concluding Lines of an Epitaph on an Odd Couple.

Nor good, nor bad, nor fools, nor wise;
They would not learn, nor could advise:
Without love, hatred, joy, or fear,
They led—a kind of—as it were;
Nor wish'd, nor car'd, nor laugh'd, nor cried:
And so they liv'd, and so they died.

SWIFT.

On Poetry.

And as they sail in Charon's boat
Contrive to bribe the judge's vote:
To Cerberus they give a sop,
His triple-barking mouth to stop.

Sixth Satire of the 2nd Book of Hora

I often wish'd that I had clear,
For life, six hundred pounds a year,
A handsome house to lodge a friend,
A river at my garden's end.

The Musical Contest.

Strange! that such difference should be
'Twixt Tweedledum and Tweedledee.

ROWE.

THE FAIR PENITENT

Act ii. Sc. 1.

Were you, ye fair, but cautious whom ye trust,
Did you but think how seldom fools are just,
So many of your sex would not, in vain,
Of broken vows, and faithless men, complain.

Act iii. Sc 1.

Is she not more than painting can express,
Or youthful poets fancy when they love?

Act v. Sc. 1.

Is this that gallant, gay Lothario?

ADDISON.

CATO.

Act 1. Sc. 1.

The dawn is overcast, the morning lowers
And heavily in clouds brings on the day ·
The great, the important day, big with the fate
Of Cato, and of Rome.

Love is not to be reason'd down, or lost
In high ambition, or a thirst of greatness ;
'Tis second life, it grows into the soul,
Warms every vein, and beats in every pulse

'Tis not in mortals to command success,
But we'll do more, Sempronius : we'll deserve it.

'Tis pride, rank pride, and haughtiness of soul :
I think the Romans call it stoicism.

Cato—continued.

Were you with these, my prince, you'd soon forget
The pale, unripen'd beauties of the north.

'Tis not a set of features, nor complexion,
The tincture of the skin that I admire;
Beauty soon grows familiar to the lover,
Fades in his eye, and palls upon the sense.

Act II. Sc. 1.

My voice is still for war.

Act IV. Sc. 1.

The woman that deliberates is lost.

When vice prevails, and impious men bear sway,
The post of honour is a private station.

Act V. Sc. 1.

It must be so—Plato, thou reasonest well,
Else whence this pleasing hope, this fond desire,
This longing after immortality?
Or whence this secret dread, and inward horror,
Of falling into nought? why shrinks the soul
Back on herself, and startles at destruction?
'Tis the Divinity that stirs within us;
'Tis Heaven itself that points out an hereafter,
And intimates Eternity to man.

I 'm weary of conjectures.

My death and life,
My bane and antidote, are both before me.

Character of Marlborough.

And, pleased th' Almighty's orders to perform,
Rides in the whirlwind, and directs the storm.*

* These lines are frequently ascribed to Pope, who, in the Dunciad, book iii., line 261, alluding to the manager of Covent Garden, thus introduces them:—

"Immortal Rich! how calm he sits at ease
'Midst snows of paper, and fierce hail of pease;
And, proud his mistress' orders to perform,
Rides in the whirlwind, and directs the storm."

CONGREVE.

THE MOURNING BRIDE.

Act i. Sc. 1.

Music hath charms to soothe the savage breast,
To soften rocks, or bend a knotted oak.

Act iii. Sc. 1.

Heaven has no rage like love to hatred turn'd,
Nor Hell no fury like a woman scorn'd.

BARTON BOOTH.

Song.

True as the needle to the pole,
Or as the dial to the sun.

YOUNG.

NIGHT THOUGHTS.

Night I.

Tired nature's sweet restorer, balmy sleep!
He, like the world, his ready visit pays
Where fortune smiles, the wretched he forsakes;
Swift on his downy pinions flies from woe,
And lights on lids unsullied by a tear!

We take no note of time
But from its loss.

In human hearts what bolder thought can rise
Than man's presumption on to-morrow's dawn

Be wise to-day, 'tis madness to defer

Procrastination is the thief of time

At thirty, man suspects himself a fool;
Knows it at forty, and reforms his plan

All men think all men mortal but themselves.

Night Thoughts—*continued.*

Night 3.

Heaven's Sovereign saves all beings but himself
That hideous sight—a naked human heart.

Night 3.

A foe to God was ne'er true friend to man.

Night 4.

Man makes a death which nature never made;
Then on the point of his own fancy falls,
And feels a thousand deaths in fearing one.

Man wants but little, nor that little long

Satire 1st.

The love of praise, howe'er conceal'd by art,
Reigns, more or less, and glows in every heart.

High stations tumults, but not bliss, create;
None think the great unhappy but the great.

Satire 2nd.

Be wise with speed,
A fool at forty is a fool indeed!

Satire 6th.

Think nought a trifle, though it small appear;
Small sands the mountain, moments make the year,
And trifles life.

GAY.

What D'ye Call't?

Act II. Sc. 9.

So comes a reckoning when the banquet 's o'er.
The dreadful reckoning, and men smile no more

Concluding Lines.

Our stage-play has a moral, and no doubt
You all have wit enough to find it out.

Song Beggar's Opera.

How happy could I be with either,
Were t'other dear charmer away.

FABLES.

Introduction to the Fables.

Whence is thy learning? Hath thy toil
O'er books consumed the midnight oil?

Sick Man and Angel

While there is life there's hope.

Lion, Tiger, and Traveller

Princes, like beauties, from their youth
Are strangers to the voice of truth.

The Hare and many Friends

And when a lady 's in the case,
You know all other things give place.

Fables—*continued.*

Friendship, like Love, is but a name,
Unless to one you stint the flame.

Mother and Nurse.

Where yet was ever found a mother
Who'd give her booby for another?

The Peacock, the Turkey, and the Goose.

In beauty faults conspicuous grow:
The smallest speck is seen on snow.

To all apparent beauties blind,
Each blemish strikes an envious mind.

The Mastiffs

Those who in quarrels interpose,
Must often wipe a bloody nose.

The Farmer's Wife and the Raven.

Alas! you know the cause too well;
The salt is spilt, to me it fell.

Epitaph on Himself.

Life's a jest, and all things show it;
I thought so once, and now I know it.

BOLINGBROKE.

On the Study and Use of History. Letter 2nd.

I have read somewhere or other, in Dionysius Halicarnassus I think, that history is philosophy teaching by examples.

POPE.

THE RAPE OF THE LOCK.

Canto i. line 1.

What dire offence from am'rous causes springs,
What mighty contests rise from trivial things!

Canto ii. line 8.

On her white breast a sparkling cross she wore,
Which Jews might kiss, and infidels adore.

Canto ii. line 18.

If to her share some female errors fall,
Look on her face, and you'll forget them all.

Canto ii. line 28.

Fair tresses man's imperial race ensnare,
And beauty draws us by a single hair.

Canto iii. line 15.

A third interprets motions, looks, and eyes;
At every word a reputation dies.

Canto iii. line 21.

The hungry judges soon the sentence sign,
And wretches hang, that jurymen may dine.

The Rape of the Lock—*continued.*

Canto iv. line 31.

There Affectation, with a sickly mien,
Shows in her cheeks the roses of eighteen.

Canto v. line 34.

Charms strike the sight, but merit wins the soul.

ELOISA TO ABELARD.

Line 57.

Speed the soft intercourse from soul to soul,
And waft a sigh from Indus to the Pole!

Line 65.

Guiltless I gazed. Heaven listen'd while you sung,
And truths divine came mended from that tongue.

Line 189.

Of all affliction taught a lover yet,
'Tis sure the hardest science to forget!

Line 207.

How happy is the blameless vestal's lot;
The world forgetting, by the world forgot!

Line 335.

Oh Death, all-eloquent! you only prove,
What dust we dote on, when 'tis man we love.

Line 366.

He best can paint them who shall feel them most!

ESSAY ON MAN.

Epistle i. line 5.

Expatiate free o'er all this scene of man,
A mighty maze! but not without a plan.

Line 13.

Eye nature's walks, shoot folly as it flies,
And catch the manners living as they rise.

Line 17.

Say first, of God above, or man below,
What can we reason, but from what we know?

Line 77.

Heaven from all creatures hides the book of fate,
All but the page prescrib'd, their present state.

Oh, blindness to the future! kindly given,
That each may fill the circle mark'd by Heaven.

Line 91.

Hope humbly then; on trembling pinions soar,
Wait the great teacher, Death; and God adore.

Line 95.

Hope springs eternal in the human breast,
Man never *is*, but always *to be* blest.

Essay on Man—*continued.*

Line 193.

Why has not man a microscopic eye?
For this plain reason, man is not a fly.
Say, what the use, were finer optics given,
To inspect a mite, not comprehend the heaven?

Line 200.

Die of a rose in aromatic pain.

Line 289.

All nature is but art unknown to thee;
All chance, direction, which thou canst not see;
All discord, harmony not understood;
All partial evil, universal good;
And, spite of pride, in erring reason's spite,
One truth is clear, *Whatever is, is right.*

Epistle II. line 1.

Know then thyself, presume not God to scan,
The proper study of mankind is man.

Line 101.

But strength of mind is exercise, not rest.

Line 123.

Pleasures are ever in our hands or eyes,
And, when in act they cease, in prospect rise.

Line 131.

And hence one master-passion in the breast,
Like Aaron's serpent, swallows up the rest.

Essay on Man—*continued.*

Line 133.

As man, perhaps, the moment of his breath,
Receives the lurking principle of death;
The young disease, that must subdue at length,
Grows with his growth, and strengthens with his strength.

Line 217.

Vice is a monster of so frightful mien,
As, to be hated, needs but to be seen;
But seen too oft, familiar with her face,
We first endure, then pity, then embrace.

Line 229

Ask where's the north? at York 'tis on the Tweed;
In Scotland at the Orcades; and there
At Greenland, Zembla, or the Lord knows where.

Line 2[illegible]

Virtuous and vicious every man must be,
Few in the extreme, but all in the degree.

Line 251

Whate'er the passion, knowledge, fame, or pelf,
No one will change his neighbour with himself.

Line 273.

See some fit passion every age supply,
Hope travels through, nor quits us when we die.

Essay on Man—*continued.*

Line 275.

Behold the child, by nature's kindly law,
Pleased with a rattle, tickled with a straw;
Some livelier plaything gives his youth delight,
A little louder, but as empty quite.

Line 290.

And not a vanity is given in vain.

Epistle iii. line 17.

All forms that perish other forms supply
(By turns we catch the vital breath and die):
Like bubbles on the sea of matter borne,
They rise, they break, and to that sea return.

Line 75.

The hour conceal'd, and so remote the fear,
Death still draws nearer, never seeming near.

Line 189.

Mark what unvaried laws preserve each state,
Laws wise as nature, and as fix'd as fate.

Line 303.

For forms of government let fools contest;
Whate'er is best administer'd is best:
For modes of faith let graceless zealots fight;
His can't be wrong whose life is in the right.

Essay on Man—*continued*

Epistle iv. line 1.

Oh happiness! our being's end and aim
Good, pleasure, ease, content! whate'er thy name.
That something still which prompts th' eternal sigh,
For which we bear to live, or dare to die.

Line 19.

Order is Heaven's first law, and this confessed
Some are, and must be, greater than the rest
More rich, more wise; but who infers from hence
That such are happier, shocks all common sense.

[illegible]

Reason, whose pleasure, [illegible] of sense
Lie in three words, health, peace, and competence
But health consists with temperance alone
[illegible] O Virtue! [illegible] all thy own.

[illegible]

[illegible]
[illegible]

[illegible]

Honour and [illegible]
Act well your part [illegible] all the honour lie.

Line [illegible]

Worth makes the man, the want of it the fellow,
The rest is all but leather or prunella.

Line 215.

What can ennoble sots, or slaves, or cowards?
Alas! not all the blood of all the Howards.

Essay on Man—*continued*

Line 220.

Heroes are much the same, the point 's agreed,
From Macedonia's madman to the Swede.

Line 230.

'Tis phrase absurd to call a villain great.

Line 247.

A wit's a feather, and a chief a rod;
An honest man's the noblest work of God

Line 255

One self-approving hour whole years outweighs
Of stupid starers, and of loud huzzas.

Line 281

If parts allure thee, think how Bacon shin'd
The wisest, brightest, meanest of mankind;
Or ravish'd with the whistling of a name,
See Cromwell damn'd to everlasting fame!

Line 309

Know then this truth (enough for man to know)
"Virtue alone is happiness below"

Line 331.

Slave to no sect, who takes no private road,
But looks through nature up to nature's God.

Line 379.

Form'd by thy converse happily to steer
From grave to gay, from lively to severe.

Essay on Man—*continued.*

Line 383.

Oh! while along the stream of time thy name
Expanded flies, and gathers all its fame,
Say, shall my little bark attendant sail,
Pursue the triumph, and partake the gale?

Line 390.

Thou wert my guide, philosopher, and friend

MORAL ESSAYS

Epistle i. *Characters of Men* line 77

Catius is ever moral, ever grave.
Thinks who endures a knave, is next a knave
Save just at dinner—then prefers, no doubt
A rogue with ven'son to a saint without.

Line 136

'Tis from high life high characters are drawn,
A saint in crape is twice a saint in lawn.

Line 139

'Tis education forms the common mind,
Just as the twig is bent the tree's inclin'd.

Line 174.

Search then the ruling passion—there alone
The wild are constant, and the cunning known.

Characters of Men—*continued.*

Line 184.

Though wond'ring senates hung on all he spoke,
The club must hail him master of the joke.

Line 206.

Ask you, why Wharton broke through every rule?
'Twas all for fear the knaves should call him fool.

Epistle ii., *Characters of Women*, line 2.

Most women have no characters at all.
Matter too soft a lasting mark to bear,
And best distinguish'd by black, brown, or fair.

Line 19.

Choose a firm cloud before it fall, and in it,
Catch, ere she change, the Cynthia of the minute.

Line 41.

Ladies like variegated tulips show,
'Tis to their changes all their charms they owe.

Line 160.

With ev'ry pleasing, ev'ry prudent part,
Say what can Chloe want?—She wants a heart.

Line 163.

Virtue she finds too painful an endeavour,
Content to dwell in decencies for ever.

Characters of Women—*continued.*

Line 215.

Men, some to bus'ness, some to pleasure take,
But every woman is at heart a rake:
Men, some to quiet, some to public strife,
But ev'ry lady would be queen for life.

Line 21[illegible]

See how the world its veterans rewards!
A youth of frolics, an old age of cards.

Line 2[illegible]

Ah, friend! to dazzle let the vain design,
To raise the thoughts and touch the heart [illegible]

Oh! blessed with temper, whose unclouded [illegible]
Can make to-morrow cheerful as to-day,
She who can love [illegible] charms, or he
Sighs [illegible]
She who [illegible] cool
Or, if [illegible] rule.

Line 268.

And mistress of herself, though China fall.

Line [illegible]

And yet, believe me, [illegible]
Woman's at best a contradiction still.

Epistle iii., *Of the Use of Riches*, line 1

Who shall decide when doctors disagree?

Line 95.

But thousands die without or this, or that,
Die—and endow a college or a cat.

Line 153.

The ruling passion, be it what it will,
The ruling passion conquers reason still.

Line 285.

Who builds a church to God, and not to Fame,
Will never mark the marble with his name.

Line 339.

Where London's column, pointing to the skies,
Like a tall bully, lifts the head, and lies.

Line 351.

But Satan now is wiser than of yore,
And tempts by making rich, not making poor.

Line 359.

"Live like yourself," was soon my lady's word
And lo! two puddings smoked upon the board.

Epistle iv. line 117.

Grove nods at grove, each alley has a brother,
And half the platform just reflects the other.

Line 149.

To rest, the cushion and soft dean invite,
Who never mentions hell to ears polite.

AN ESSAY ON CRITICISM.

Line 1.

'Tis hard to say, if greater want of skill
Appear in writing or in judging ill.

Line 6.

Ten censure wrong, for one who writes amiss.

Line 9.

'Tis with our judgments as our watches; none
Go just alike, yet each believes his own.

Line 60.

One science only will one genius fit;
So vast is art, so narrow human wit.

Line 80

Some, to whom Heaven in wit has been profuse,
Want as much more to turn it to use.

And snatch a grace beyond the reach of art

Line

A *little learning* is a dangerous thing:
Drink deep, or taste not the Pierian spring

Line 32

Hills peep o'er hills, and Alps on Alps arise

Line 233.

A perfect judge will read each work of wit
With the same spirit that its author writ.

An Essay on Criticism—*continued.*

Line 245.

'Tis not a lip, or eye, we beauty call,
But the joint force and full result of all.

Line 253.

Whoever thinks a faultless piece to see,
Thinks what ne'er was, nor is, nor e'er shall be.

Line 297.

True wit is nature to advantage dress'd,
What oft was thought, but ne'er so well express'd

Line 309.

Words are like leaves, and where they most abound,
Much fruit of sense beneath is rarely found.

Line 335.

Be not the first by whom the new is tried,
Nor yet the last to lay the old aside.

Line 342.

Some to church repair,
Not for the doctrine, but the music there.

Line 362.

True ease in writing comes from art, not chance,
As those move easiest who have learn'd to dance.

Line 386.

At every trifle scorn to take offence:
That always shows great pride, or little sense.

An Essay on Criticism—*continued.*

Line 390.

Yet let not each gay turn thy rapture move;
For fools admire, but men of sense approve:
As things seem large which we thro' mists descry.
Dulness is ever apt to magnify.

Line 418.

What woful stuff this madrigal would be.
In some starv'd hackney sonnetteer, or me!
But let a Lord once own the happy lines,
How the wit brightens! how the style refines!

Line 433

We think our fathers fools, so wise we grow;
Our wiser sons, no doubt, will think us so.

Line 461.

Envy will merit, as its shade, pursue,
But, like a shadow, proves the substance true.

Line 525.

To err is human; to forgive, divine.

Line 558

All seems infected that th' infected spy,
As all looks yellow to the jaundic'd eye.

Line 625.

For fools rush in where angels fear to tread.

ELEGY TO THE MEMORY OF AN UNFORTUNATE LADY.

Line 9.

Is there no bright reversion in the sky,
For those who greatly think, or bravely die?

Line 57.

And bear about the mockery of woe,
To midnight dances and the public show.

Line 73.

A heap of dust alone remains of thee—
'Tis all thou art, and all the proud shall be!

PROLOGUE TO CATO.

To wake the soul by tender strokes of art,
To raise the genius, and to mend the heart;
. . . . .
For this the Tragic Muse first trod the stage,
Commanding tears to stream through every age.

No common object to your sight displays,
But what with pleasure Heaven itself surveys;
A brave man struggling with the storm of fate,
And greatly falling with a falling state.

THE TEMPLE OF FAME.

Line 55.

Pale suns, unfelt, at distance roll away,
And on th' impassive ice the lightnings play.

The Temple of Fame—*continued*

Line 364.

O let us still the secret joy partake,
To follow virtue e'en for virtue's sake.

Line 513.

Nor Fame I slight, nor for her favours call;
She comes unlook'd for, if she comes at all.

PROLOGUE TO THE SATIRES

Line 12.

E'en Sunday shines no Sabbath-day to me

Line 3

You think this cruel: take it as a rule,
No creature smarts so little as a fool

Line 91

Destroy his fib or sophistry, in vain,
The creature's at his dirty work again.

Line 124

As yet a child, nor yet a fool to fame,
I lisp'd in numbers, for the numbers came.

Line 201.

Damn with faint praise, assent with civil leer,
And, without sneering, teach the rest to sneer.

Prologue to the Satires—*continued.*

Line 203.

Willing to wound, and yet afraid to strike,
Just hint a fault and hesitate dislike:
Alike reserv'd to blame or to commend,
A tim'rous foe, and a suspicious friend.

Line 213.

Who but must laugh, if such a man there be?
Who would not weep, if Atticus were he?

Line 283.

Curs'd be the verse, how well soe'er it flow,
That tends to make one worthy man my foe.

Line 307.

Satire or sense, alas! can Sporus feel?
Who breaks a butterfly upon a wheel!

Line 333.

Wit that can creep, and pride that licks the dust.

SATIRES AND IMITATIONS OF HORACE

Book ii. Sat. i. line 69.

Satire's my weapon, but I'm too discreet
To run a muck, and tilt at all I meet.

Line 127.

There St. John mingles with my friendly bowl,
The feast of reason and the flow of soul.

Satires and Imitations of Horace—*continued.*

Ep. i. line 120.

Well, if a king 's a lion, at the least
The people are a many-headed beast.

Book ii. Ep. ii. line 72.

Years following years steal something every day,
At last they steal us from ourselves away.

Line 266.

Talk what you will of taste, my friend, you'll find
Two of a face, as soon as of a mind.

EPILOGUE TO THE SATIRES

Line 135.

Let humble Allen, with an awkward shame,
Do good by stealth, and blush to find it fame.

TOWN AND COUNTRY MOUSE.

Imitations of Horace. 6th Satire.

Give me again my hollow tree;
A crust of bread, and liberty!

EPITAPH ON GAY.

Of manners gentle, of affections mild;
In wit a man, simplicity a child.

MARTINUS SCRIBLERUS.

Chap. xi.

Ye gods! annihilate but space and time,
And make two lovers happy.

THE DUNCIAD.

Book i. line 52.

Poetic Justice, with her lifted scale,
Where, in nice balance, truth with gold she weighs,
And solid pudding against empty praise.

Book ii. line 34.

And gentle Dulness ever loves a joke.

Book iv. line 341.

There too, my Paridel! she mark'd thee there,
Stretch'd on the rack of a too easy chair.

EPITAPH on the Hon. S. Harcourt.

Who ne'er knew joy but friendship might divide,
Or gave his father grief but when he died.

HOMER'S ILIAD.

Book vi. line 544.

Yet while my Hector still survives, I see
My father, mother, brethren, all, in thee.

Book ix. line 725.

A gen'rous friendship no cold medium knows,
Burns with one love, with one resentment glows.

THE ODYSSEY.

Book xv. line 83.

True friendship's laws are by this rule express'd,
Welcome the coming, speed the parting guest.

Book xviii. line 270.

Yet, taught by time, my heart has learn'd to glow
For others' good, and melt at others' woe.

LADY MARY W. MONTAGUE.

The Woman's Resolve.

Let this great maxim be my virtue's guide,—
In part she is to blame who has been tried;
He comes too near, who comes to be denied.

BLAIR.

The Grave.

But see! the well-plum'd hearse comes nodding on,
Stately and slow; and properly attended
By the whole sable tribe, that painful watch
The sick man's door, and live upon the dead,
By letting out their persons by the hour
To mimic sorrow, when the heart's not sad!

The good he scorn'd
Stalk'd off reluctant, like an ill-used ghost,
Not to return; or if it did, its visits
Like those of angels, short and far between.

AARON HILL.

Tender-handed touch a nettle,
And it stings you for your pains:
Grasp it like a man of mettle,
And it soft as silk remains.
So it is with common natures—
Use them kindly, they rebel;
But be rough as nutmeg-graters,
And the rogues obey you well.

TICKELL.

On the Death of Addison.

He taught us how to live; and (oh! too high
The price for knowledge) taught us how to die.

THOMSON.

THE SEASONS.

Spring.

Base envy withers at another's joy,
And hates that excellence it cannot reach.

. . . .

But who can paint
Like Nature? Can imagination boast,
Amid its gay creation, hues like hers?

. . . .

But happy they, the happiest of their kind!
Whom gentler stars unite, and in one fate
Their hearts, their fortunes, and their beings blend

. . . .

What is the world to them?
Its pomp, its pleasure, and its nonsense all!

. . . .

Something than beauty dearer, should they look,
Or on the mind, or mind-illumin'd face.

. . . .

Delightful task! to rear the tender thought,
To teach the young idea how to shoot,
To pour the fresh instruction o'er the mind,
To breathe th' enlivening spirit, and to fix
The generous purpose in the glowing breast.

The Seasons—*continued.*

An elegant sufficiency, content,
Retirement, rural quiet, friendship, books,
Ease and alternate labour, useful life,
Progressive virtue, and approving Heaven!

Summer.

'Tis listening fear, and dumb amazement all.

A lucky chance, that oft decides the fate
Of mighty monarchs.

A pure ingenuous elegance of soul,
A delicate refinement, known to few,
Perplex'd his breast.

So stands the statue that enchants the world,
So bending, tries to veil the matchless boast,
The mingled beauties of exulting Greece.

Heavens! what a goodly prospect spreads around,
Of hills, and dales, and woods, and lawns, and spires,
Of glittering towns, and gilded streams, till all
The stretching landscape into smoke decays!

Autumn.

For still the world prevail'd, and its dread laugh,
Which scarce the firm philosopher can scorn.

Loveliness
Needs not the foreign aid of ornament,
But is, when unadorn'd, adorn'd the most.

The Seasons—*Continued.*

Winter.

Ah! little think the gay licentious crowd,
Whom pleasure, power, and affluence surround;
. . . . . .
. . . . . .
Ah! little think they, as they dance along,
How many feel, this very moment, death
And all the sad variety of pain.

HYMN.

From seeming Evil still educing Good.

These, as they change, Almighty Father, these
Are but the varied God—the rolling year
Is full of thee!

Song.—"For ever, Fortune."

For ever, Fortune, wilt thou prove
An unrelenting foe to love;
And when we meet a mutual heart,
Step rudely in, and bid us part?

LORD LYTTELTON.

Prologue to Thomson's 'Coriolanus.'

For his chaste muse employ'd her heaven-taught lyre
None but the noblest passions to inspire,
Not one immoral, one corrupted thought,
One line, which dying he could wish to blot.

Epigram.

None without hope e'er lov'd the brightest fair,
But love in hope, where reason would despair.

Soliloquy of a Beauty in the Country.

Where none admire, 'tis useless to excel;
Where none are beaux, 'tis vain to be a belle.

Song.

Alas! by some degree of woe
We ev'ry bliss must gain:
The heart can ne'er a transport know,
That never feels a pain.

Advice to a Lady.

Women, like princes, find few real friends.

A maid unask'd may own a well-placed flame;
Not loving first, but loving wrong, is shame.

STERNE.

SENTIMENTAL JOURNEY.

Page 1.

"They order," said I, "this matter better in France."

—

In the Street, Calais.

I pity the man who can travel from *Dan* to *Beersheba*, and cry, "'Tis all barren."

The Passport.

"Disguise thyself as thou will, still slavery," said I, still thou art a bitter draught."

TRISTRAM SHANDY.

Chap. xlviii.

A man's body and his mind are exactly like a jerkin and a jerkin's lining—rumple the one, you rumple the other.

Chap. clxix.—*Story of La Fleur.*

"*He shall not die, by* ——!" cried my Uncle Toby. The *accusing spirit*, which flew up to heaven's chancery with the oath, blushed as he gave it in; and the *recording angel*, as he wrote it down, dropped a tear upon *the word*, and blotted it out for ever.

DYER.

Grongar Hill.

Ever charming, ever new,
When will the landscape tire the view?

MRS. PIOZZI.

Three Warnings.

The tree of deepest root is found
Least willing still to quit the ground;
'Twas therefore said, by ancient sages,
That love of life increas'd with years
So much, that in our latter stages,
When pains grow sharp, and sickness rages,
The greatest love of life appears.

SAVAGE.

The Bastard.

He lives to build, not boast a generous race
No tenth transmitter of a foolish face.

SHENSTONE.

Written on the Window of an Inn.

Whoe'er has travell'd life's dull round,
Where'er his stages may have been,
May sigh to think he still has found
His warmest welcome at an inn.

Jemmy Dawson.

For seldom shall you hear a tale
So sad, so tender, and so true.

JOHNSON.

LONDON.

Of all the griefs that harass the distress'd,
Sure the most bitter is a scornful jest.

Fate never wounds more deep the generous heart,
Than when a blockhead's insult points the dart.

This mournful truth is everywhere confess'd,
Slow rises worth by poverty depress'd.

There mark what ills the scholar's life assail—
Toil, envy, want, the patron, and the jail.

PROLOGUE ON THE OPENING OF DRURY LANE THEATRE.

When Learning's triumph o'er her barb'rous foes
First rear'd the stage, immortal Shakespeare rose;
Each change of many-colour'd life he drew,
Exhausted worlds, and then imagin'd new.

Existence saw him spurn her bounded reign,
And panting Time toil'd after him in vain.

The drama's laws, the drama's patrons give,
For we that live to please must please to live.

IRENE.

Act iii. Sc. 1.

Reflect that life, like every other blessing,
Derives its value from its use alone;
Not for itself, but for a nobler end
The Eternal gave it—and that end was virtue.

VANITY OF HUMAN WISHES.

Peace courts his hand, but spreads her charms in vain:
"Think nothing gain'd," he cries, "till nought remain."

He left a name at which the world grew pale,
To point a moral, and adorn a tale.

"Enlarge my life with multitude of days!"
In health, in sickness, thus the suppliant prays;
Hides from himself his state, and shuns to know,
That life protracted is protracted woe.

An age that melts in unperceiv'd decay,
And glides in modest innocence away;
Whose peaceful day benevolence endears,
Whose night congratulating conscience cheers;
The gen'ral fav'rite, as the gen'ral friend;
Such age there is, and who could wish its end?

Vanity of Human Wishes—*continued.*

Year chases year, decay pursues decay,
Still drops some joy from with'ring life away;
New forms arise, and diff'rent views engage,
Superfluous lags the vet'ran on the stage,
Till pitying Nature signs the last release,
And bids afflicted worth retire to peace.

In life's last scene what prodigies surprise,
Fears of the brave, and follies of the wise!
From Marlborough's eyes the tears of dotage flow,
And Swift expires a driv'ller and a show.

EPITAPH ON ROBERT LEVETT.

In misery's darkest cavern known,
His useful care was ever nigh,
Where hopeless Anguish pour'd his groan,
And lonely Want retir'd to die.

GRAY.

ON THE DEATH OF A CAT.

A favourite has no friend

ON THE PROSPECT OF ETON COLLEGE.

The tear forgot as soon as shed.
The sunshine of the breast.

Theirs buxom health, of rosy hue,
Wild wit, invention ever new.

Alas! regardless of their doom,
The little victims play:
No sense have they of ills to come,
Nor care beyond to-day.

Ambition this shall tempt to rise.
Then whirl the wretch from high,
To bitter scorn a sacrifice,
And grinning infamy.

And moody madness laughing wild,
Amid severest woe.

On the Prospect of Eton College—*continued.*

To each his sufferings: all are men,
Condemn'd alike to groan,
The tender for another's pain,
The unfeeling for his own.

—

No more: where ignorance is bliss,
'Tis folly to be wise.

PROGRESS OF POETRY.

To brisk notes in cadence beating,
Glance their many-twinkling feet.

—

O'er her warm cheek, and rising bosom, move
The bloom of young Desire, and purple light of love.

—

Bright-ey'd Fancy, hovering o'er,
Scatters, from her pictur'd urn,
Thoughts that breathe, and words that burn.

—

Beneath the good how far— but far above the great.

THE BARD.

Give ample room and verge enough.

—

In gallant trim the gilded vessel goes;
Youth on the prow, and Pleasure at the helm.

—

Dear as the light that visits these sad eyes,
Dear as the ruddy drops that warm my heart!

ELEGY.

Nor grandeur hear, with a disdainful smile,
The short and simple annals of the poor.

The paths of glory lead but to the grave.

Chill penury repress'd their noble rage,
And froze the genial current of the soul.

Full many a flower is born to blush unseen,
And waste its sweetness on the desert air.

And read their history in a nation's eyes.

Along the cool sequester'd vale of life
They kept the noiseless tenor of their way.

Implores the passing tribute of a sigh.

For who, to dumb forgetfulness a prey,
This pleasing, anxious being e'er resign'd:
Left the warm precincts of the cheerful day,
Nor cast one longing, lingering look behind?

E'en from the tomb the voice of Nature cries,
E'en in our ashes live their wonted fires.

Fair Science frown'd not on his humble birth,
And Melancholy mark'd him for her own.

Long Story.

Rich windows that exclude the light,
And passages that lead to nothing.

Sonnet on the Death of Mr. West.

And weep the more because I weep in vain.

His own Character.

Too poor for a bribe, and too proud to importune;
He had not the method of making a fortune.

Education and Government.

When love could teach a monarch to be wise,
And gospel-light first dawn'd from Bullen's eyes.

Ode on Vicissitude.

See the wretch, that long has toss'd
On the thorny bed of pain,
At length repair his vigour lost,
And breathe and walk again:
The meanest floweret of the vale,
The simplest note that swells the gale,
The common sun, the air, the skies,
To him are opening Paradise.

COLLINS.

The Passions.

In notes by distance made more sweet.

—

And back recoil'd, he knew not why,
E'en at the sound himself had made.

———

Dirge in 'Cymbeline.'

Belov'd till life can charm no more,
And mourn'd till pity's self be dead.

———

Ode to Peace.

Well may your hearts believe the truths I tell,
'Tis virtue makes the bliss, where'er we dwell.

SMOLLETT.

Ode to Independency.

Thy spirit, Independence, let me share;
Lord of the lion heart and eagle eye,
Thy steps I follow with my bosom bare,
Nor heed the storm that howls along the sky.

From 'The Garland,' a Collection of Poems, 1721. By Mr. Br—st, *Author of a Copy of Verses called 'The British Beauties.'*

[1] Praise undeserv'd is satire in disguise.

GOLDSMITH.

THE TRAVELLER.

Where'er I roam, whatever realms to see,
My heart untravell'd fondly turns to thee;
Still to my brother turns, with ceaseless pain,
And drags at each remove a length'ning chain.

And learn the luxury of doing good.

By sports like these are all their cares beguil'd,
The sports of children satisfy the child.

No vernal blooms their torpid rocks array,
But winter lingering chills the lap of May.

For every want that stimulates the breast
Becomes a source of pleasure when redress'd.

And the weak soul, within itself unblest,
Leans for all pleasure on another's breast.

Here beggar pride defrauds her daily cheer,
To boast one splendid banquet once a year.

For just experience tells, in every soil,
That those that think must govern those that toil.

The Traveller—*continued.*

Laws grind the poor; and rich men rule the law.

Still to ourselves in every place consign'd,
Our own felicity we make or find.

THE DESERTED VILLAGE.

Princes and lords may flourish or may fade,
A breath can make them, as a breath has made:
But a bold peasantry, their country's pride,
When once destroy'd can never be supplied.

Remembrance wakes with all her busy train,
Swells at my breast, and turns the past to pain.

In all my wanderings round this world of care,
In all my griefs—and God has given my share—
I still had hopes my latest hours to crown,
Amidst these humble bowers to lay me down.

Who quits a world where strong temptations try,
And, since 'tis hard to combat, learns to fly!

The watch-dog's voice that bay'd the whispering wind,
And the loud laugh that spoke the vacant mind.

A man he was to all the country dear,
And passing rich with forty pounds a year.

Shoulder'd his crutch, and show'd how fields were won.

The Deserted Village—*continued.*

Careless their merits or their faults to scan,
His pity gave, ere charity began.

Thus to relieve the wretched was his pride,
And e'en his failings lean'd to virtue's side.

Allur'd to brighter worlds, and led the way.

Truth from his lips prevail'd with double sway,
And fools, who came to scoff, remain'd to pray.

In arguing, too, the parson own'd his skill,
For, e'en though vanquish'd, he could argue still.

And still they gazed, and still the wonder grew,
That one small head could carry all he knew.

Where village statesmen talk'd, with looks profound,
And news much older than their ale went round.

To me more dear, congenial to my heart,
One native charm, than all the gloss of art.

And e'en while fashion's brightest arts decoy,
The heart, distrusting, asks if this be joy?

Her modest looks the cottage might adorn,
Sweet as the primrose peeps beneath the thorn.

Teach erring man to spurn the rage of gain;
Teach him, that states of native strength possess'd,
Though very poor, may still be very bless'd.

RETALIATION.—Character of Burke.

Here lies our good Edmund, whose genius was such,
We scarcely can praise it or blame it too much;
Who, born for the universe, narrow'd his mind,
And to party gave up what was meant for mankind.

. . . . .
. . . . .

Though equal to all things, for all things unfit;
Too nice for a statesman, too proud for a wit;
For a patriot too cool; for a drudge disobedient;
And too fond of the *right* to pursue the *expedient*.

THE HERMIT.

Man wants but little here below,
Nor wants that little long.

And what is friendship but a name—
A charm that lulls to sleep—
A shade that follows wealth or fame,
And leaves the wretch to weep?

COWPER.

THE TASK.

Book i.—*The Sofa.*

Not rural sights alone, but rural sounds
Exhilarate the spirit, and restore
The tone of languid nature.

God made the country, and man made the town.

Book ii.—*The Timepiece.*

My ear is pain'd
My soul is sick, with every day's report
Of wrong and outrage, with which earth is fill'd.

Mountains interposed
Make enemies of nations, who had else,
Like kindred drops, been mingled into one.

Slaves cannot breathe in England: if their lungs
Receive our air, that moment they are free;
They touch our country, and their shackles fall.

The Task—(The Timepiece)—*continued.*

England, with all thy faults, I love thee still—
My country!

—

There is a pleasure in poetic pains,
Which only poets know.

—

Variety 's the very spice of life,
That gives it all its flavour.

Book iii.—*The Garden.*

O for a lodge in some vast wilderness,
Some boundless contiguity of shade,
Where rumour of oppression and deceit,
Of unsuccessful or successful war,
Might never reach me more.

—

Domestic happiness, thou only bliss
Of Paradise, that hast survived the fall!

—

How various his employments whom the world
Calls idle; and who justly in return
Esteems that busy world an idler too!

Book iv.—*The Winter Evening.*

He comes, the herald of a noisy world;

. . . . . .

News from all nations lumbering at his back.

. . . . . .

He whistles as he goes, light-hearted wretch,
Cold and yet cheerful; messenger of grief
Perhaps to thousands, and of joy to some:
To him indifferent whether grief or joy.

The Task—(The Winter Evening)—*continued.*

Now stir the fire, and close the shutters fast,
Let fall the curtains, wheel the sofa round,
And while the bubbling and loud hissing urn
Throws up a steamy column, and the cups,
That cheer but not inebriate, wait on each,
So let us welcome cheerful evening in.

—

'Tis pleasant through the loopholes of retreat
To peep at such a world; to see the stir
Of the great Babel, and not feel the crowd.

Book vi.—*The Winter Walk at Noon.*

There is in souls a sympathy with sounds,
And as the mind is pitch'd, the ear is pleas'd
With melting airs or martial, brisk or grave;
Some chord in unison with what we hear
Is touch'd within us, and the heart replies.

—

Here the heart
May give a useful lesson to the head,
And Learning wiser grow without his books.

RETIREMENT.

How sweet, how passing sweet is solitude!
But grant me still a friend in my retreat,
Whom I may whisper—Solitude is sweet.

CONVERSATION.

A fool must now and then be right, by chance.

JOHN GILPIN.

For though she was on pleasure bent,
  She had a frugal mind.

Verses supposed to be written by Alexander Selkirk

Oh, Solitude! where are the charms
  That sages have seen in thy face?
Better dwell in the midst of alarms,
  Than reign in this horrible place.

How fleet is a glance of the mind,
  Compared with the speed of its flight!
The tempest itself lags behind,
  And the swift-winged arrows of light.

THE [illegible]

Beware of desperate steps. The darkest day
Live till to-morrow, will have pass'd away.

THE [illegible]

For 'tis a truth well known to most
That, whatsoever thing is lost,
We seek it, ere it come to light,
In every cranny but the right.

CHURCHILL.

THE ROSCIAD.

But spite of all the criticising elves,
Those who would make us feel—must feel themselves.

Lines alluding to Ireland.

Long from a nation ever hardly used,
At random censured, and by turns abused,
Have Britons drawn their sport; with partial view
Form'd general notions from the rascal few.

THE CONFERENCE.

Explore the dark recesses of the mind,
In the soul's honest volume read mankind,
And own in wise and simple, great and small,
The same great leading principle in all.

LANGHORNE

THE COUNTRY JUSTICE

Part I

Bent o'er her babe, her eye dissolv'd in dew,
The big drops mingling with the milk he drew,
Gave the sad presage of his future years,
The child of misery, baptis'd in tears.

ODE TO CHERRON

Led by those waking dreams of thought,
That warm the young unpractis'd breast

SIR WILLIAM JONES.

Seven hours to law,
To soothing slumber seven
Ten to the world allot,
And all to Heaven

Song of

Go boldly forth, my simple lay,
Whose accents flow with artless ease
Like orient pearls at random strung.

HOME.

DOUGLAS.

Act i. Sc. 1.

In the first days
Of my distracting grief, I found myself—
As women wish to be who love their lords.

Sincerity!
Thou first of virtues, let no mortal leave
Thy onward path.

Act iii. Sc. 1.

Virtue is its own reward.

BEATTIE.

THE MINSTREL.

Book i.

Ah! who can tell how hard it is to climb
The steep where Fame's proud temple shines afar?

THE HERMIT.

He thought as a sage, but he felt as a man.

Epigram.—The Bucks had dined. Elegant Extracts.

How hard their lot who neither won nor lost!

MRS. GREVILLE.

ODE TO INDIFFERENCE.

Nor peace nor ease the heart can know,
  Which, like the needle true,
Turns at the touch of joy or woe,
  But, turning, trembles too.

GARRICK.

[illegible]

A fellow-feeling makes one wondrous kind.

DR. PORTEUS.

DEATH, [illegible]

One murder makes a villain,
Millions a hero.

GREEN.

THE SPLEEN.

To cure the mind's wrong bias, Spleen,
Some recommend the bowling-green;
Some hilly walks; all exercise:
Throw but a stone, the giant dies.

BURKE.

ON THE FRENCH REVOLUTION.

Vol. v., page 149.

It is now sixteen or seventeen years since I saw the Queen of France, then the Dauphiness, at Versailles; and surely never lighted on this orb, which she hardly seemed to touch, a more delightful vision. I saw her just above the horizon, decorating and cheering the elevated sphere she just began to move in; glittering like the morning star, full of life, and splendour, and joy.

* * * * *

Little did I dream that I should have lived to see such disasters fallen upon her in a nation of gallant men, in a nation of men of honour and of cavaliers. I thought ten thousand swords must have leaped from their scabbards to avenge even a look that threatened her with insult. But the age of chivalry is gone.

SHERIDAN.

SCHOOL FOR SCANDAL.

Act i. Sc. 1.

You shall see a beautiful quarto page, where a neat rivulet of text shall meander through a meadow of margin.

Song in the DUENNA

I ne'er could any lustre see
In eyes that would not look on me.

THE CRITIC.

Act ii. Sc. 1.

No scandal about Queen Elizabeth, I hope.

Act ii. Sc. ii.

Where they *do* agree, their unanimity is wonderful.

Speech in reply to Mr. Dundas.

The Right Honourable Gentleman is indebted to his memory for his jests, and to his imagination for his facts.

MORTON.

SPEED THE PLOUGH.

Act i. Sc 1.

What will Mrs. Grundy say?

MORRIS.

Song.

If one must have a villa in summer to dwell,
O give me the sweet shady side of Pall-Mall.

—

But a house is much more to *my* taste than a tree;
And for groves—O! a good grove of chimneys for me

COLMAN

BROAD GRINS.

Lodgings for Single Gentlemen.

But, when ill indeed,
E'en dismissing the doctor don't *always* succeed!

The Waterfiend.

Three stories high—long, dull, and old—
As great Lords' stories often are.

—

And what 's impossible can't be,
And never, never comes to pass.

Prologue to the HEIR-AT-LAW.

On their own merits modest men are dumb.

EDWARD MOORE.

Fable.—The Spider and the Bee.

The maid who modestly conceals
Her beauties, while she hides, reveals;
Give but a glimpse, and fancy draws
Whate'er the Grecian Venus was.

. . . . .

And from the hoop's bewitching round,
The very shoe has power to wound.

The Farmer and the Spaniel.

Can't I another's face commend,
And to her virtues prove a friend,
But instantly your forehead lours,
As if *her* merit lessen'd *yours?*

Song.—How blest has my time been.

Time still, as he flies, adds increase to her truth,
And gives to her mind what he steals from her youth.

BURNS.

Is there for honest poverty.

The *rank* is but the guinea's *stamp*,
The man's the gowd for a' that.

To Mary in Heaven.

Time but the impression deeper makes,
As streams their channels deeper wear.

Tam O'Shanter.

Where sits our sulky sullen dame,
Gath'rin' her brows like gath'rin' storm,
Nursin' her wrath to keep it warm.

Kings may be blest, but Tam was glorious,
O'er all the ills of life victorious.

But pleasures are like poppies spread,
You seize the flower, its bloom is shed;
Or like the snow-falls in the river,
A moment white—then melts for ever.

As Tammie glowr'd, amazed and curious,
The mirth and fun grew fast and furious.

To a Mouse.

The best laid schemes of mice and men
Gang aft a'-gley;
An' lea'e us nought but grief and pain
For promis'd joy.

Scots wha hae.

Let us do, or die!

Epistle to James Smith.

The heart ay 's the part ay,
That makes us right or wrang.

O Life! how pleasant is thy morning,
Young Fancy's rays the hills adorning!
Cold, pausing Caution's lesson scorning,
We frisk away,
Like schoolboys at th' expected warning,
To joy and play.

Despond.

O Life! thou art a galling load,
Along a rough, a weary road,
To wretches such as I!

Auld lang syne.

Should auld acquaintance be forgot
And never brought to min',
Should auld acquaintance be forgot
And days o' lang syne!

Green grow the rashes.

Her 'prentice han' she tried on man,
And then she made the lasses, O!

Address to the Unco Guid.

Then gently scan your brither man,
  Still gentlier sister woman;
Though they may gang a kennin' wrang,
  To step aside is human.

Who made the heart, 'tis He alone
  Decidedly can try us,
He knows each chord—its various tone,
  Each spring—its various bias:
Then at the balance let's be mute,
  We never can adjust it;
What's done we partly may compute,
  But know not what's resisted.

The Lament.

And mourn in lamentation deep,
How life and love are all a dream.

On Captain Grose's Peregrinations through Scotland.

If there's a hole in a' your coats,
  I rede ye tent it;
A chiel 's amang ye takin' notes,
  An' faith he'll prent it.

Song.—Ae fond kiss.

Had we never lov'd sae kindly,
Had we never lov'd sae blindly,
Never met, or never parted,
We had ne'er been broken-hearted.

Song.—Fair Eliza.

Not the poet, in the moment
  Fancy lightens in his e'e,
Kens the pleasure, feels the rapture
  That thy presence gi'es to me.

To a Louse.

O wad some power the giftie gie us,
To see oursel's as others see us!
It wad frae monie a blunder free us,
  An' foolish notion.

CANNING.

Poetry of the ANTI-JACOBIN.

Needy Knifegrinder.

Story! Lord bless you, I have none to tell, Sir!

The Loves of the Triangles.

So down thy hill, romantic Ashbourn, glides
The Derby dilly, carrying three insides.

CRABBE.

The Borough Schools.

Ah! world unknown! how charming is thy view,
Thy pleasures many, and each pleasure new!
Ah! world experienced! what of thee is told?
How few thy pleasures, and those few how old!

Books cannot always please, however good;
Minds are not ever craving for their food.

The Borough Almshouse.

For though a man may not have much to fear,
Yet death looks ugly when the view is near.

The Borough Players.

In this fool's Paradise he drank delight.

The Birth of Flattery.

In idle wishes fools supinely stay;
Be there a will—then wisdom finds a way.

T. PAINE.

Letter to the Addressers.

And the final event to himself [Mr. Burke] has been that, as he rose like a rocket, he fell like the stick.

BYRON.

ENGLISH BARDS.

Line 6.

Oh! Nature's noblest gift—my grey goose quill!
Slave of my thought, obedient to my will,
Torn from the parent bird to form a pen,
That mighty instrument of little men!

Line 51

'Tis pleasant, sure, to see one's name in print,
A book's a book, although there's nothing in't.

CHILDE HAROLD

Canto i. Stanza 9.

Maidens, like moths, are ever caught by glare,
And Mammon wins his way where seraphs might despair.

Canto i. *Page's Song*

Yon sun that sets upon the sea
We follow in his flight;
Farewell awhile to him and thee,
My native land—good night!

Canto ii. Stanza 23.

Ah! happy years! once more who would not be a boy?

Childe Harold—*continued.*

Canto ii. Stanza 24.

None are so desolate but something dear,
Dearer than self, possesses or possess'd
A thought, and claims the homage of a tear.

Canto ii. Stanza 66.

In aught that tries the heart, how few withstand the proof!

Canto ii. Stanza 76.

Hereditary bondsmen! know ye not
Who would be free, themselves must strike the blow?

Canto ii. Stanza 98.

What is the worst of woes that wait on age?
What stamps the wrinkle deeper on the brow?—
To view each lov'd one blotted from life's page,
And be alone on earth, as I am now.

Canto iii. Stanza 8.

Years steal
Fire from the mind, as vigour from the limb;
And life's enchanted cup, but sparkles near the brim.

Canto iii. Stanza 21.

And all went merry as a marriage bell.

Canto iii. Stanza 32.

The day drags through, though storms keep out the sun,
And thus the heart will break, yet brokenly live on.

Canto iii. Stanza 34.

Did man compute
Existence by enjoyment, and count o'er
Such hours 'gainst years of life—say, would he name three score?

Childe Harold—*continued*

Canto iii. Stanza 4

What deep wounds ever closed without a scar?
The heart's bleed longest, and but heal to wear
That which disfigures it.

Canto

I stood
Among them, but not of them

Canto iv. Stanza 10

The thorns which I have reap'd are of the tree
I planted,—they have torn me,—and I bleed
I should have known what fruit would spring from such a seed

Canto iv. Stanza

But ever and anon of grief subdued
There comes a token like a scorpion's sting,
Scarce seen, but with fresh bitterness imbued
And slight withal may be the thing which bring
Back on the heart the weight which it would fling
Aside for ever, it may be a sound
A tone of music—summer's eve, or spring,—
A flower—the wind—the ocean—which shall wound,
Striking the electric chain wherewith we are darkly bound

Canto iv. St

Man!
Thou pendulum betwixt a smile and tear

Memoranda after the publication of the 1st and 2nd Cantos of Childe Harold

I awoke one morning, and found myself famous.

THE GIAOUR.

Line 68.

He who hath bent him o'er the dead
Ere the first day of death is fled,

. . . . . .
. . . . . .

(Before Decay's effacing fingers
Have swept the lines where beauty lingers),
And mark'd the mild angelic air,
The rapture of repose that's there;

. . . . . .
. . . . . .
. . . . . .

He still might doubt the tyrant's power;
So fair, so calm, so softly seal'd,
The first, last look by death reveal'd!

Line 90.

Such is the aspect of this shore;
'Tis Greece, but living Greece no more!
So coldly sweet, so deadly fair,
We start, for soul is wanting there.

Line 106.

Shrine of the mighty! can it be
That this is all remains of thee?

Line 123.

For freedom's battle once begun,
Bequeath'd by bleeding sire to son,
Though baffled oft, is ever won.

The Giaour—*continued.*

Line 418.

And lovelier things have mercy shown
To every failing but their own;
And every woe a tear can claim,
Except an erring sister's shame.

Line 473.

Her eye's dark charm 'twere vain to tell.
But gaze on that of the gazelle,
It will assist thy fancy well.

Line 941.

We loathe what none are left to share:
Even bliss—'twere woe alone to bear.

Line 1099.

The cold in clime are cold in blood,
Their love can scarce deserve the name;
But mine was like the lava flood
That boils in Ætna's breast of flame.

Line 1127.

She was a form of life and light,
That, seen, became a part of sight;
And rose, where'er I turn'd mine eye,
The Morning-star of Memory!

THE BRIDE OF ABYDOS.

Canto i. Stanza 1.

Know ye the land where the cypress and myrtle
Are emblems of deeds that are done in their clime;
Where the rage of the vulture, the love of the turtle,
Now melt into sorrow, now madden to crime?

Where the virgins are soft as the roses they twine,
And all, save the spirit of man, is divine?

Canto i. Stanza 6.

The light of love, the purity of grace,
The mind, the music breathing from her face.
The heart whose softness harmonized the whole—
And oh! that eye was in itself a soul!

Canto ii. Stanza 20.

Be thou the rainbow to the storms of life!
The evening beam that smiles the clouds away,
And tints to-morrow with prophetic ray!

He makes a solitude, and calls it—peace!

THE CORSAIR.

Canto i. Stanza 3.

She walks the waters like a thing of life,
And seems to dare the elements to strife.
Who would not brave the battle fire—the wreck—
To move the monarch of her peopled deck?

Solitudinem faciunt, pacem appellant.
Galgacus' Speech in Tacitus's Life of Agricola.

The Corsair—*continued.*

Canto i. Stanza 8.

Such it hath been—shall be—beneath the sun,
The many still must labour for the one.

Canto i. Stanza 9.

There was a laughing devil in his sneer,
That raised emotions both of rage and fear;
And where his frown of hatred darkly fell,
Hope withering fled—and Mercy sigh'd Farewell!

Canto i. Stanza 10.

But still her lips refus'd to send —"Farewell!"
For in that word—that fatal word—howe'er
We promise—hope—believe—there breathes despair.

Canto ii. Stanza 17.

Oh! too convincing—dangerously dear—
In woman's eye the unanswerable tear!

What lost a world, and bade a hero fly?
The timid tear in Cleopatra's eye.

Canto iii. Stanza 22.

No words suffice the secret soul to show,
And truth denies all eloquence to woe.

Canto iii. Stanza 24.

He left a Corsair's name to other times,
Link'd with one virtue, and a thousand crimes.

LARA.

Canto i. Stanza 2.

Lord of himself—that heritage of woe!

Canto ii. Stanza 22.

Why did she love him? Curious fool, be still:
Is human love the growth of human will?

TO THYRZA.

Verse 7.

Time tempers love, but not removes,
More hallow'd when its hope is fled:
Oh! what are thousand living loves
To that which cannot quit the dead?

One last long sigh to love and thee,
Then back to busy life again.

STANZAS.

There is an eye which could not brook
A moment on that grave to look.

The love where Death has set his seal,
Nor age can chill, nor rival steal,
Nor falsehood disavow.

Thy day without a cloud hath pass'd,
And thou wert lovely to the last;
Extinguish'd, not decay'd;
As stars that shoot along the sky
Shine brightest as they fall from high.

THE DREAM.

Our life is twofold: sleep hath its own world,
A boundary betwixt the things misnamed
Death and Existence.

—

And to his eye
There was but one beloved face on earth,
And that was shining on him.

She was his life,
The ocean to the river of his thoughts,
Which terminated all.

A change came o'er the spirit of my dream

She knew,
For quickly comes such knowledge, that his heart
Was darken'd with her shadow

And they were canopied by the blue sky
So cloudless, clear, and purely beautiful,
That God alone was to be seen in heaven

Pain was mix'd
In all which was served up to him, until,
Like to the Pontic monarch of old days,
He fed on poisons

PARISINA.

Stanza 1.

It is the hour when from the boughs
  The nightingale's high note is heard;
It is the hour when lovers' vows
  Seem sweet in every whisper'd word.

—

And in the heaven that clear obscure,
So softly dark, and darkly pure,
Which follows the decline of day,
As twilight melts beneath the moon away.

BYRON.

Stanza 27.

For most men, till by losing rendered sager,
Will back their own opinion by a wager.

Stanza 45.

Heart on her lips, and soul within her eyes,
Soft as her clime, and sunny as her skies.

Stanza 80.

Oh, mirth and innocence! oh, milk and water
  Ye happy mixtures of more happy days!

STANZAS FOR MUSIC.

There's not a joy the world can give like that it takes away,
When the glow of early thought declines in feeling's dull decay;
'Tis not on youth's smooth cheek the blush alone, which fades so fast,
But the tender bloom of heart is gone, ere youth itself be past.

WORDSWORTH.

We Are Seven

The child is father of the man

She was a Phantom

A creature not too bright or good
For human nature's daily food
For transient sorrows, simple wiles,
Praise, blame, love, kisses, tears, and smiles

I'd Pass Free

The good old rule
Sufficeth them, the simple plan,
That they must take who have the power,
And they must keep who can.

Ode.—Intimations of Immortality.

To me, the meanest flower that blows can give
Thoughts that do often lie too deep for tears.

The Fountain.

My eyes are dim with childish tear
  My heart is idly stirr'd,
For the same sound is in my ears
  Which in those days I heard.

The Tables Turned.

One impulse from a vernal wood
  May teach you more of man,
Of moral evil and of good,
  Than all the sages can

To a Skylark.

Type of the wise, who soar, but never roam;
True to the kindred points of heaven and home.

Sonnet.—Composed on Westminster Bridge at Night.

Ne'er saw I, never felt, a calm so deep!
  The river glideth at his own sweet will:
Dear God! the very houses seem asleep;
  And all that mighty heart is lying still!

HORACE AND JAMES SMITH.

Rejected Addresses.—Cui Bono?—Imitation of LORD BYRON.

Thinking is but an idle waste of thought;
For nought is everything, and everything is nought.

W. R. SPENCER.

Lines to Lady A. Hamilton.

Too late I stay'd; forgive the crime,
Unheeded flew the hours;
How noiseless falls the foot of time
That only treads on flow'rs!

WOLFE.

On the Burial of Sir John Moore.

Slowly and sadly we laid him down,
From the field of his fame fresh and gory;
We carved not a line, we raised not a stone,
But we left him alone with his glory.

KEATS.

ENDYMION.

Line 1.

A thing of beauty is a joy for ever.

PALAFOX.

Answer to the French General at the Siege of Saragossa.

War to the knife.

TALLEYRAND.

The beginning of the end.

SCOTT.

THE LAY OF THE LAST MINSTREL.

Canto ii. Stanza 1.

If thou would'st view fair Melrose aright,
Go visit it by the pale moonlight;
For the gay beams of lightsome day
Gild, but to flout, the ruins gray.

Canto iii. Stanza 2.

Love rules the court, the camp, the grove,
And men below, and gods above;
For love is Heaven, and Heaven is love.

Canto iii. Stanza 24.

Her blue eyes sought the west afar,
For lovers love the western star.

Canto iv. Conclusion.

The harper smiled, well pleased; for ne'er
Was flattery lost on poet's ear:
A simple race! they waste their toil
For the vain tribute of a smile.

Canto v. Stanza 13.

True love 's the gift which God has given
To man alone beneath the heaven.

The Lay of the Last Minstrel—*continued.*

Canto v. Stanza 10.

Sir Roderick mark'd—and in his eyes
Respect was mingled with surprise,
And the stern joy which warriors feel
In foemen worthy of their steel.

Canto vi. Stanza 1.

Breathes there the man with soul so dead,
Who never to himself hath said,
This is my own, my native land!
Whose heart hath ne'er within him burn'd
As home his footsteps he hath turn'd
From wandering on a foreign strand?

The wretch, concenter'd all in self,
Living, shall forfeit fair renown,
And, doubly dying, shall go down
To the vile dust, from whence he sprung,
Unwept, unhonour'd, and unsung.

Canto vi. Stanza 2.

O Caledonia! stern and wild,
Meet nurse for a poetic child!
Land of brown heath, and shaggy wood;
Land of the mountain and the flood;
Land of my sires! what mortal hand
Can e'er untie the filial band
That knits me to thy rugged strand?

Canto vi. Stanza 11.

For Love will still be lord of all.

MARMION.

Canto I. Stanza 28

Hard toil can roughen form and face,
And want can quench the eye's bright grace,
Nor does old age a wrinkle trace
More deeply than despair.

Introduction to Canto II

Just at the age 'twixt boy and youth,
When thought is speech, and speech is truth.

When, musing on companions gone,
We doubly feel ourselves alone.

Canto II. Stanza 2.

'Tis an old tale, and often told.

Canto VI. Stanza 11.

And dar'st thou then
To beard the lion in his den,
The Douglas in his hall?

Canto VI. Stanza 14.

O what a tangled web we weave,
When first we practise to deceive!

Canto V. Stanza 31.

O, Woman! in our hours of ease,
Uncertain, coy, and hard to please,
And variable as the shade
By the light quivering aspen made;
When pain and anguish wring the brow
A ministering angel thou!

Marmion—*continued.*

Canto vi. Stanza 33.

With dying hand, above his head
He shook the fragment of his blade,
And shouted "Victory!
"Charge, Chester, charge! On, Stanley, on!"
Were the last words of Marmion.

Last lines.

To all, to each, a fair good night,
And pleasing dreams and slumbers light!

LADY OF THE LAKE.

Canto i. Stanza 18.

And ne'er did Grecian chisel trace
A Nymph, a Naiad, or a Grace,
Of finer form, or lovelier face.

A foot more light, a step more true,
Ne'er from the heath-flower dash'd the dew:
E'en the slight harebell rais'd its head
Elastic from her airy tread.

Canto i. Stanza 21.

On his bold visage, middle age
Had slightly press'd its signet sage,
Yet had not quench'd the open truth
And fiery vehemence of youth:
Forward and frolic glee was there,
The will to do, the soul to dare;
The sparkling glance, soon blown to fire,
Of hasty love, or headlong ire.

Lady of the Lake—*continued*

Canto II. Stanza 22

Some feelings are to mortals given,
With less of earth in them than heaven.

Canto III. Stanza 1

Time rolls his ceaseless course.—The race of yore,
Who danced our infancy upon their knee
And told our marvelling boyhood legends store
Of their strange ventures happed by land or sea,
How are they blotted from the things that be!

Canto III. Stanza 4

The mountain shadows on its breast
Were neither broken nor at rest
In bright uncertainty they lie,
Like future joys to fancy's eye.

Canto III. Stanza 7

But he who stems a stream with sand,
And fetters flame with flaxen band,
Has yet a harder task to prove
By firm resolve to conquer Love!

Canto V. Stanza 1

The rose is fairest when 'tis budding new,
And hope is brightest when it dawns from fears.

Canto V. Stanza 10

My soul, tho' feminine and weak,
Can image his: e'en as the lake,
Itself disturb'd by slightest stroke,
Reflects th' invulnerable rock.

Lady of the Lake—*continued.*

Canto vi. Stanza 24.

Lay of the Imprisoned Huntsman.

I hate to learn the ebb of time
From yon dull steeple's drowsy chime,
Or mark it as the sunbeams crawl
Inch after inch along the wall.

LORD OF THE ISLES.

Canto ii. Stanza 1.

Lift not the festal mask,—enough to know,
No scene of mortal life but teems with mortal woe.

Canto v. Stanza 18.

O, many a shaft at random sent,
Finds mark the archer little meant!
And many a word at random spoken
May soothe or wound a heart that's broken.

SOUTHEY.

THE DEVIL'S WALK.

He saw a cottage with a double coach-house,
A cottage of gentility;
And the Devil was pleased, for his darling vice
Is the pride that apes humility.*

RODERICK.

Canto xxiii. line 2.

Early they rise whom Hope
Awakens, and they travel fast with whom
She goes companion of the way.

CHARLES LAMB.

Old Familiar Faces.

I have had playmates, I have had companions,
In my days of childhood, in my joyful school-days:
All, all are gone, the old familiar faces.

How some they have died, and some they have left me,
And some are taken from me; all are departed:
All, all are gone, the old familiar faces.

* In the last edition of Coleridge's works, this poem is given as his joint production with Mr. Southey.

CAMPBELL.

PLEASURES OF HOPE.

Part 1.

'Tis distance lends enchantment to the view,
And robes the mountain in its azure hue.

Hope for a season bade the world farewell,
And Freedom shriek'd, as Kosciusko fell.

Part 2.

Who hath not own'd with rapture-smitten frame,
The power of grace, the magic of a name?

Without the smile from partial beauty won,
Oh! what were man?—a world without a sun.

The world was sad! the garden was a wild!
And man, the hermit, sigh'd—till woman smil'd.

What though my winged hours of bliss have been,
Like angel-visits, few and far between?

Lines on visiting a Scene in Argyleshire.

To bear, is to conquer our fate.

Lochiel.

'Tis the sunset of life gives me mystical lore,
For coming events cast their shadows before.

Ye Mariners.

Ye mariners of England!
That guard our native seas,
Whose flag has brav'd a thousand years
The battle and the breeze!

Britannia needs no bulwarks,
No towers along the steep;
Her march is o'er the mountain-waves,
Her home is on the deep.

The meteor-flag of England
Shall yet terrific burn,
Till danger's troubled night depart,
And the star of peace return.

Hohenlinden.

The combat deepens. On, ye brave,
Who rush to glory, or the grave!
Wave, Munich! all thy banners wave,
And charge with all thy chivalry!

The Soldier's Dream.

But sorrow return'd with the dawning of morn,
And the voice in my dreaming ear melted away.

Hallowed Ground.

To live in hearts we leave behind
Is not to die.

COLERIDGE.

THE ANCIENT MARINER.

The last verse.

He went like one that hath been stunn'd,
  And is of sense forlorn;
A sadder and a wiser man
  He rose the morrow morn.

CHRISTABEL.

And to be wroth with one we love
Doth work like madness in the brain.

MOORE.

LALLA ROOKH.

The Fire-Worshippers.

Oh! ever thus from childhood's hour
I've seen my fondest hopes decay;
I never loved a tree or flower,
But 'twas the first to fade away.
I never nursed a dear gazelle,
To glad me with its soft black eye,
But when it came to know me well,
And love me, it was sure to die.

The Light of the Harem.

Alas! how light a cause may move
Dissension between hearts that love;
Hearts that the world in vain had tried,
And sorrow but more closely tied;
That stood the storm when waves were rough,
Yet in a sunny hour fall off,
Like ships that have gone down at sea,
When heaven was all tranquillity.

IRISH MELODIES.

By that lake.

Eyes of most unholy blue.

Remember thee.

Wert thou all that I wish thee,
Great, glorious, and free;
First flower of the earth, and
First gem of the sea.

ROGERS.

THE BOY OF EGREMOND.

"Say, what remains when hope is fled?"
She answer'd, "Endless weeping!"

TAYLOR.

PHILIP VAN ARTEVELDE.

Act i. Sc. 5.

The world knows nothing of its greatest men.

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